

JUVENILE
50,418/1
INDISCRETIONS.

A NOVEL.

VOL. IV.

JUVENILE
MADISON COUNTY

W. J. HILL

2

J U V E N I L E
I N D I S C R E T I O N S.

A N O V E L.

I N F I V E V O L U M E S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNA, or the WELCH HEIRESS.

Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

POPE'S ESSAY ON SATIRE.

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N.

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M D C C L X X V I.

JUVENILE
INDICATIONS

A NOVEL

BY MISS J. K. BROWN



ANNALS OF THE MUSEUM

THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
HAS IN ITS POSSESSION
A COPY OF THE
WORKS OF THE
ARTIST

TO ADOPT

PRINTED FOR THE MUSEUM

Juvenile Indiscretions.

CHAPTER XXXV.

An Irish Howl.

EARLY the next morning, a gentleman brought Miss Napper to Mr. Trap's in his own carriage, and to release her mother out of durance.

Henry soon understood that this gentleman was the lover of his Clara; the ladies made no secret of the matter; his elegant figure and equipage, as well as his lively unembarrassed manners, exhibited too many signs of ease and affluence for Henry to doubt, but he was a successful admirer; and that Puffardo's account was inflamed by that malice he well knew to be inherent in his nature.

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Miss Napper on going away, made him a low curtsy, and told him she exceedingly lamented leaving him in *such* a place, and in *such* company.

How can *I* have given that young lady such offence, thought Henry.

Away rolled the ladies and gentleman, in all the triumph of success and good fortune, leaving him a real object of pity.

“Come, Sir, said Mrs. Trap, won’t you please for to have some breakfast? Our rowls are special good; dear me, Sir, don’t take on so, I dares for to say your friends will be soon here, and then you know you may follow the ladies.”

Her invitation was offered in vain, a rising in his throat, which resembled suffocation, prevented his eating, and unable to conceal his emotions, he retired to his wretched bed-chamber, leaving Mr. Trap and heartily cursing him for a stingy milk-sop: however, Bet, cried he, charge him regular meals, and as he was present when the lady’s supper was ordered, and he
don’t

don't know 'twas paid for, set that down too.

Mr. Latitat had promised to be at Trap's early in the morning; but it was near twelve before he appeared, having, as he assured Henry, been engaged all the morning; and Trap chusing to search the offices for detainers, it was near three before he could be bailed: the bill Mrs. Trap delivered him, he thought an imposition, but, as Mr. Latitat was of a different opinion, and advised the payment, he discharged it; they then proceeded to Bow-street, where, to the manifest surprise of Henry, and visibly less of the attorney, they found they were too late, the Magistrates having left the office.

The attorney then offered to accompany him to his lodgings, in order (as he said) to enquire into Macdougall's motives for such an atrocious act, as swearing a debt against a man, who had never any money transaction with him; he accepted the offer which he considered as a mark

of politeness, and they again took coach to Orange-street.

The first thing they saw on alighting, was Janet Macdougall, setting up an *Irish* Howl at her own door, which had collected together a number of people; some of whom were laughing at, and others pitying, the poor old *Irish* Woman.—

Mr. Donald Macdougall was rather apprehensive of the resolution Mr. Benwell persisted in of making an investigation into the *entagrety* of his actions; he had therefore wisely resolved to serve old Janet as she proposed serving him, *viz.* leave her in little Orange-street to let lodgings by herself; but, he had taken especial care to free her from as many of the troubles of the world as he possibly could, having disposed of the whole of his furniture by bill of sale to the broker; and probably, being in want of linen, he had also carried with him all that Montgomery had left in his portmanteau: as to Henry he had his wardrobe on his back, and

and he had luckily given his two shirts to be washed by a woman whom the mistress of the inn had recommended.—As he had now nothing to do in these lodgings, he was going from thence, by Latitat's desire, to Mr. Benwell's: at the moment he was getting into the coach, a ticket-porter asked if his name was Conway.—

He look'd at Latitat—can this be another arrest? said he.

What's your business, friend? ask'd the attorney—he had a parcel for Mr. Conway, the parcel was delivered, and opened.

To our hero's unspeakable surprise, it contained his gold watch, chain and seals; no words can describe his joy at this unlooked-for event; he declined accompanying Mr. Latitat to Mr. Benwell, but promised to wait on that gentleman early next morning.

Just as he was again upon the point of leaving the street, Macdougall's wife,

B 3 who

who had not before seen him, bawled out—

“Arrah, my dear shawl, and is it you indeed ! fait, but I wish with all my heart you had been to be hanged ; for that Scotch rogue my husband, troth but its the greatest pity in all Lunnan he ever gat up after you knocked him down so clane and cliver. Oh ! but I will go to the justice myself my dear, for, dye see, he hath robb’d me on the highway, here in Orange-street, of all my household goods that my dear first husband left me, and all that I woorked so hard for myself since ; and now, how shall I get back to dear little Ireland. Oh ! but if my dear sweet master Charles Montgomery was here, he would not let ould Janet starve, and fait I am too ould to woork.”

Henry comforted the poor woman with his promises to assist her to the utmost of his power ; the brokers removing the goods while she continued her lamentation, and, setting up a fresh howl at every load

load they carried off; he persuaded her to get into the coach, merely with an intention to remove her from a sight that distracted her; but as the carriage moved on, he considered that the old woman must have a lodging as well as himself, and that it would be necessary to procure one before night; seeing therefore a bill up at a house, he alighted, knocked at the door, and hired two rooms in it, with the ridiculous resolution of taking a distressed old woman into keeping.

When Janet, at his request, entered the house, the landlady knew her, and so pitied her case, that she desired she might eat and drink with her as long as she chose to stay.

Henry having thus by accident stumbled on such a comfortable place for his old *protigée*, left her, and went into the city to dispose of his watch and chain, for which he received twenty-five guineas; on his return home, he purchased some linen and stockings, and the next morning,

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while he went to Mr. Benwell's, he desired Janet to make enquiry after the cheapest and quickest conveyance to that dear little Ireland, whither she was so anxious to return.

Mr. Benwell was a person of strict honour and probity; he was exceedingly dissatisfied with the proceedings of his attorney, and very much disappointed that Macdougall had escaped: he received our hero with great politeness, and would positively have refused the repayment of the money advanced by Latitar, had he not seen in Henry's manner of urging it, that he should wound his pride, in a degree very inadequate to the service the money could do him.

He gave him a general invitation to his house, and introduced him to Mrs. Benwell and two maiden sisters who lived with him; all agreeable well-bred women, with whom he dined, and spent the remainder of the day.

At his return to his lodgings, on asking for Janet, instead of the old woman,
a letter

a letter curiously folded, and directed to
 "Mister Conway, these", was delivered
 to him, which he found to contain as fol-
 lows :

"ONORED SUR"

"I hop you will not be angry, at my
 " being so troblesum, becase why, I am
 " shoore you are a gentleman, and as for
 " poor Janet, d'ye see, why she is gone to
 " dear little Ireland at this present riting,
 " for the Killarny fail's before I have
 " done, and my dear showl, I am sorry I
 " have no more to say, in the time, but
 " one thing I may say, and that is Juell,
 " to axe you, if you will take auld Janets
 " dear little mistrefs out of pane, and
 " keep it, till I cumes back, O hone,
 " many is the day I have woorked all
 " night; to pay intrust mony for it, the
 " double tiket is fowlded up in the let-
 " ter, O my deer but the Captain of the
 " Killarny, is a Dublin lad; fait but he
 " has a good beard on the back of his
 " face, and scorns to axe money of a poor

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“ countrywoman, I hope I shall never
“ lave dear little Ireland any more, till
“ my deer little mistress cumes home, and
“ then by that time, fait owld Janet will
“ be rich enuff to pay for the piktur, so
“ no more at present from your loving
“ umbel sarvant”

“ JANET MACDOUGAL”.

The double ticket, (as Janet called the duplicate,) was inclosed in this extraordinary epistle, with the name of the pawnbroker written on the back of it, and the sum her dear little mistress was pledged for, was four Guineas. Henry was at a great loss to conceive what kind of a picture Janet could have in her possession, which would fetch so much money; but there was something about her, besides the having nursed his friend, which interested him in her favour, and he fully determined to comply with her request.

C H A P.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Polite Visit.

TWO days were now elapsed since our hero had paid his respects on Dowgate-hill, and Mr. Gab concluded his proposal had not, on mature deliberation, met his acceptance, a matter that involved him in some difficulties with respect to Mrs. Gab, which he knew not how to get over; the truth is, *he* had some secret business in London, and his lady an indispensable engagement in the country; her absence was also perfectly convenient to him, but he neither could send her, nor indeed would she go without a male protector; he had hinted the matter to the captain, but that polite young man was shocked at the idea; his mother, tho' it suited him to pay court to her favour, was in his opinion an "*animate outree*" with whom he would not be seen in public for the universe.

Henry

Henry was therefore a most welcome guest to Mr. Gab, who could not conceal the satisfaction his return afforded him; he gave him his word, the West India voyage should immediately succeed the Brighthelmstone excursion; mentioned his wife's ridiculous quality-pride, as the reason for a conduct as irksome to himself as it could be to him, and cautioned him upon no account to suffer a hint of his dependant situation to escape his lips, nor ever to contradict the idea she had formed of his rank; concluding his instructions with a draft for fifty pounds on his banker, with which sum he desired Henry would equip himself in a proper manner, to wait on Mrs. and Miss Gab.

Nothing in the world could be more pleasing to our hero, than the prospect of the West India voyage; the business on which he was to go, promised a rich reward to industry, as half the profits of that part of Mr. Gab's trade was to be
his

his own.—The possibility that *one* day, if Miss Elton was not engaged to the Baronet, he might meet her on terms of equality, all objections removed and every difficulty surmounted, fired him with an emulation at once delightful and animating. Every interview with that lovely creature confirmed her empire over his heart; his judgment and fancy were united in his partiality for her, and the more he saw of the world, the stronger was the connection between reason and passion. In this warm castle-building scheme he totally forgot his betrothed Lavinia; all that terrified him was the handsome Baronet: but those visionary ideas were succeeded by disquieting realities; he must live with, flatter, and attend on one of the most disagreeable women in the world; one, whose vulgarity, ignorance, and low breeding, were the least disgusting parts of her character: there was a malignancy and envy in her disposition, which she had not art to hide, and which, shown

as

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as it was on every trifling occasion, rendered her altogether odious.

Miss Sophia, however, would be constantly of their party; and her amiable conversation and good humour, would soften the slavery inflicted by the folly of her mother.

Mr. Gab introduced him in form; his spouse was in extacies at the thought of having a man of rank under her roof; she had personally inspected the convenience of his apartment, and begged he would consider himself as "quite at home". Sophia's eyes sparkled; she should enjoy the dear delight of talking of, and perhaps in time of hearing from her beloved Charles; she welcomed our hero with a pleasing earnestness that flattered him, and gratified her Mama.

After dinner, Mrs. Gab (unwilling one evening should be lost, by spending it at her own house without a croud of company,) proposed, that Mr. Conway should take a corner in her coach, and accompany

pany Sophia and herself to those people to whom she had long been indebted as a visitor; to be sure she ought to make *him* a thousand apologies for interdooseing *him* into company *he* must despise; because, for sartain, *he* had been used to *other* guests sort of beings; and, indeed, so was she too, but Mr. Gab's obstinancy obliged her to breathe the odious city air; *he* would still grub on in his old way; no ambition, no spirit in *him*, tho' all the world knew he was rich enough to get into Parliament, or at least buy a Lordship: "and so, as the old saying is, dear sir," continued Mrs. Gab, "when at home we must do as Romans do;" while we live in the horrid city, one *must* be civil to the things one is obliged sometimes to see; tho' really she should blush to announce a parson of Mr. Conway's rank among tradesmen."

Mr. Conway entreated she would be perfectly easy on his account; *he* should

be honoured in paying his respects to any friend of Mrs. Gab's. —

“ That was the very thing that vexed
 “ her, all *her friends* were different sort
 “ of people, they were Ladies, and
 “ Duchesses, and Lords, and *Barrow-*
 “ *Nights*, and people that went to court,
 “ and spoke to the King and Queen, and
 “ who would be so happy to have her
 “ among them. But it did not signify,
 “ Mr. Gab would not be prevailed on,
 “ and she must make the best of it, tho'
 “ to be sure she never sent her cards
 “ round, but she blushed to death at dat-
 “ ing them from Dowgate-hill”; and the
 tears actually filled her eyes, at the cruel
 recollection.

Mr. Gab sat sipping his wine like a philosopher during this harangue, nor once did he interrupt her, except to drink her health. — Precisely at seven, he wished them a pleasant evening, and went out.

“ There again now,” cried Mrs. Gab,
 “ you

“ you see how I am used; Mr. Gab has
 “ no more taste; all his delight is sneak-
 “ ing into holes and corners with low
 “ company. I never could get him to
 “ go to Lady Basto’s assembly but once,
 “ and then, if you’ll believe me, I could
 “ not persuade him to wear a bag, or put
 “ on a sword. Only think what distress I
 “ must be in, to interdoose a man in a
 “ drab coloured cloth coat, and a griz-
 “ zle bob, as my spouse, among people
 “ of quality: no, nor after losing one
 “ rubber, *only* one, at the Gauld table,
 “ would he play again, tho’ Lady Betty
 “ Counter herself ax’d him; not he; and
 “ there at twelve o’clock he began to
 “ yawn and gape; Oh dear! I never was
 “ so confounded in all my life; and, then
 “ again, having with the utmost diffi-
 “ culty persuaded him to stay when the
 “ supper was announced at two o’clock,
 “ (we never sup till two there; don’t you
 “ think supping in the morning delight-
 “ ful?) well, there if you’ll believe me,
 “ if

“ if he didn’t take out his watch, and
 “ stare as if he had seen a spectre; and,
 “ supper, says he, to Lady Basto’s man
 “ out of livery (a very pretty behaved
 “ gentleman) supper, why ’tis past two
 “ o’clock! Lord, Mr. Conway, I thought
 “ I should have *sounded*; so up I goes,
 “ and slides a guinea into Mr. Ferret’s
 “ hand, and whispered Mr. Gab, that it
 “ was the custom of Lady Basto’s house,
 “ and begged he would not expose me
 “ to the ridicule of the company; and, I
 “ assure you it was as much as I could
 “ do to persuade him to be quiet:
 “ well then, after supper, Lady Basto,
 “ and Lady Betty, and Captain Gauntlet
 “ all perposed a single rubber wi’ me;
 “ and so, while we were at cards, what
 “ does Mr. Gab do, but entertain the
 “ company with his history from begin-
 “ ning to end; all about his first coming
 “ to town, *and, and*, all that; and do you
 “ know, I was so shocked and con-
 “ founded, that I took a narvous fever,
 “ and

“and never stirred out of my room the whole winter after”.

Henry could hardly forbear laughing at this dismal account of Mr. Gab's deficiency in the graces; but the coach drawing to the door very fortunately relieved him from her repeated questions of “Did you ever, Sir, hear the like? — Can you conceive how exceedingly shock'd I was? — Don't you wonder I survived it”? as it was proper a few more diamonds should be crowded on her head, and Miss Sophia was also commanded to wear her pearls.

These matters adjusted, and Mrs. Gab, her daughter, and our hero seated in the carriage, it was ordered to Great St. Helen's.

The direction filled him with terror; should the visit be intended to Mr. Levissage's, and he, or any of his family recollect him, what would become of Mrs. Gab's quality Mr. Conway, or, what was of more importance, of his West India expedition;

expedition; nay, it was far from unlikely, that Miss Elton, or some of Mr. Franklin's connections might be there; all his hope was, that Mr. Gab, whose acquaintance was universal, had other visits to pay in Great St. Helen's: this hope however was of short duration; as, on stopping the coach he saw by the light of the lamp at the door the name of "Levisage;" it was then too late to retreat, the servant appeared, and the way was led into a handsome drawing room, before he could determine on any means of escaping; his anxiety was increased at hearing himself announced to the company, as Mr. Conway, a near relation of Lord H——d's; more especially, as Lord Crespigney, Miss Levisage's lover, was present, who sat indolently picking his white teeth on the sofa, without taking any other notice of their *entré*, than just casting a satirical glance at his fair mistress.

But

But the moment Mrs. Gab mentioned the rank of her escort, his lordship paid the most polite attention to our hero, who, however, felt extremely awkward at the duplicity of the character he had unwillingly assumed.

Lord Crespigney was grandson to an earl of ancient blood, large estate, and great family honours; his father died when *he* was a very young minor, but not before the large personal fortune, his mother had brought into the family, was entirely dissipated, and all the estate that *could* be mortgaged deeply incumbered.

The large jointure, settled on lady Crespigney, was a great drawback on the income of the old earl, who, unfortunately, was a person who had a great turn for expence, many passions to gratify, and as few ideas of prudence, as well as his son.

Lady Crespigney was a woman of great sense, and little prudence; her house was the resort of pedants, and authors; she took on herself the patronage of men of letters,

letters, and female wits : Lady Crespigney had a vain heart, and a full purse ; it was the mode to consult her on each new publication ; and her countenance was anxiously sought after at the first representation of a new piece. She was a writer, a critic, and a platonist.

But it was not merely literature that delighted Lady Crespigney, she was a violent lover of harmony ; *Italy, dear Italy*, was the land of rapture : to the surprize of every body who knew her ladyship, and to the disgrace of the Belles Lettres, her passion for sound, without substance, was carried to a prodigious length ; to indulge her *penchant*, she actually quitted England, and deserted her children. Having sold the reversion of her land, and realized her personal estate, in favour of a Signor Cremona, whose long fingers, delicate nails, and capital execution on various musical instruments, she had found irresistible, the happy pair, it is supposed, retired into the very bosom of felicity,

licity, as the lady has never since been heard of, except by the person who purchased her jointure, he being obliged to produce a certificate of the Signora's existence before he can receive her annual income.

Miss Crespigney was, happily for her, taken under the care of her noble grandmother, and two maiden aunts; but her brother fell more properly to the tuition of his grandfather, a man of professed gallantry, and reduced income; so that Lord Crespigney was obliged to see through the earl's spectacles, in his choice of a wife, and take her whose cash was abundant; a matter indispenfably necessary to consider, as all the money that could be borrowed on the joint security of the noble earl, and his grandson and heir, had been raised, and politely spent.

Some distant family relations with Lady Baſto, had introduced them, by her means (as the deranged fortunes of the family were perfectly well known to her ladyship)

ladyship) to Mrs. Gab ; and his lordship taking an early opportunity of falling in love with Miss Sophia ; that young lady, as her mother said, " Mought have been " his wife, and *she* mother to a countess ;" but Miss Gab, who was not anxious to improve her rank in life by so great an alliance, declined the offered honour.— Miss Levifage happening to visit them at that critical period, and, as was her general custom, having exhibited her airs and graces to my lord, before the earl, he was immediately directed to transfer his violent attachment from Miss Sophia Gab, and fifty thousand pounds, to Miss Eliza Levifage, with sixty.

This exchange, indeed, without mentioning the odd ten thousand, was very judicious, as Miss Levifage was a lady whose taste, sentiments, and manners, were a vast deal more adapted to shine in high life than those of her friend Miss Gab.

Mr. Levifage had, however, but one inducement to consent to the match ;
which

which was, to gratify his darling and only child; he had many objections to oppose to her wishes: it was with great reluctance he could be prevailed on to give sixty thousand pounds of the money he had toiled and moiled for through thick and thin, up early and late; and all for what? just to make Betsy a lady; when at the same time, in his opinion, a Lady Mayorefs was the only title worth coveting. It would have been far more agreeable to him to have chosen a son-in-law off the Dutch-walk on the Exchange, in order to extend his business, than the first title at court.

But, although every interview with Lord Crespigney served to increase his dislike to the match, he wanted resolution to put a negative on any request of Tetsy's; she was his first object, all his pride was centered in her, and whatever she did, or said, however ridiculous, was clever, and to the purpose.

Mr. Levifage found from his attorney, as well as from common fame, that Lord Crespigney had nothing clear to settle on his daughter, but his mother's jointure, which he was not in any likelihood of soon succeeding to; as to the earl's estate, that was likewise in safe hands; these were facts he hinted to his Tetsy, but her Ladyship, and the *agrémens* of the charming lord, were more powerful in their influence over her mind, than all her father could urge on the score of prudence; tears, exclamations, and faintings, followed every conversation of that sort, and the old man agreed to give the sixty thousand down, although, he said, he might as well toss it into the Thames.

Mrs. Levifage was a motherly good sort of a woman; she was famous for making hunting puddings, and keeping an exact order and regularity in her family. Her delight, as Lord Crespigney said, "was in a great quantity of *roast* and *boiled*." which

which she distributed herself every morning to a set of indigent people, who attended her for that purpose; she paid great part of her pocket money, annually, for the expences of nurses and midwives to poor people; employed all her leisure in making coarse linen for children; she made excellent plaisters; and was her own confectioner.

The whole morning Mrs. Levifage was in her kitchen, enjoying life; in the evening in her drawing-room, dressed alike in winter and summer, so richly, that her finery weighed her down; *she* too was a wonderful admirer of Tetfy, and not a little vain of the rank that awaited her acceptance.

As soon as Mrs. Gab was seated, a rivalry commenced between the two matrons, which continued, under the most friendly mask, during the visit.

Mrs. Levifage begged a thousand pardons for not having done herself the honour of waiting on Mrs. Gab, but really

Tetsy and her had been so much engaged, what with choosing furniture, fixing on the colour of carriages, and ordering cloaths, looking over jewels, and presents from my lord's family, and what with her own domestic concerns, that it was impossible to stir out.

Mrs. Gab, whose acquaintance in two or three of the great squares filled her with an idea of superior consequence, looked down on all family concerns, nor would she, on any account, venture to give her opinion of the dressing of the provision, either at her own table or that of any other person, lest it should have the fatal effect of reminding the company of her culinary talents; that part therefore of Mrs. Levifage's apology she looked on as a mark of the poor woman's ignorance.

But every allusion to the wedding, every hint that led to her daughter's nobility, struck her to the heart, and imposed a momentary silence, even on Mrs. Gab;

but her natural volubility was too powerful to be restrained by her reflection, and she soon recovered from the embarrassment into which her envy had thrown her.

To be sure she had been immensely wretched, at having been so long deprived of the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Levifage; and indeed she should have certainly called in Great St. Helen's, but Lady Baſto, and the counteſs, were wretched when she could not be at all their private parties; and then the dutcheſs was, beſides being ſo very peremptory in her invitations, ſuch a prodigious agreeable body, that really it was abſolutely impoſſible to miſs her nights; ſhe had not yet, ſo numerous were her engagements, been to pay her reſpects to the Lady Mayoreſs, ſince the Eaſter Ball, when the crowd had ſo fatigued her, that ſhe could only bow her compliments.

Mrs. Levifage sat half impatient, and half incredulous, during the whole former part of Mrs. Gab's speech, but when the Lady Mayorefs was mentioned, it relieved her, and that being a subject on which *she* also could talk, having graced the Easter-ball herself, the two mothers, however they generally differed in taste and judgment, happened, at present, to be of one mind; they agreed, that out of the number of their fellow-citizens, who filled the Mansion-house on that occasion, there were none who were properly dressed, or who had conducted themselves on that trying occasion, with half the elegance they themselves had done; and the ladies, after description of the dress, and an investigation into the circumstances of every city dame they knew, perfectly agreed in envying all who were richer, and despising those who were poorer than themselves.

During this conversation, the young ladies had also entered into a separate confab.

Miss

Miss Levifage was so delighted with "the honourable," soon to be annexed to her name, so charmed with the splendour of her prospects, and so elated at the idea of the dress, equipage, visits, *etcetera*, that she could neither think nor talk of any thing else; Sophia was a silent, though hardly attentive auditor of the thousand fine things, she was entertained with; her silence was modestly imputed to envy, a passion the amiable Miss Levifage did all in her power to increase, by exaggerating her extreme good fortune, and by enlarging on the magnificence of the intended nuptials. She took unnecessary trouble; Sophia's thoughts were on objects far removed from courts: and so little was she affected with the kindness of her friend, that she would have been puzzled, had she been called on for that purpose, to recount any part of the interesting story.

Lord Crespigney (as Mr. Gab said) now finding it possible Mr. Conway might be

a hundredth cousin to a nobleman, thought proper to enter into chat with him :—

“ Don’t you find this confounded city
 “ a tiresome bore, Sir ?” said he, in the
 most genteel indolent tone imaginable ;
 “ I never enter it but it affects my nerves ;
 “ ’pon my ’onor—that woman—that Mrs.
 “ Gab, sets me in a fever whenever I look
 “ in her abominable red face—what a re-
 “ dundancy of tongue and complection !
 “ —the one reminds me of the running
 “ down of an alarum, the other of a raw
 “ beef-steak.—Does Lady Basto really
 “ open her doors to the savage ?—Oh !
 “ yes ;—I think I recollect her ladyship’s
 “ private purse is not in the most agree-
 “ able state.—Well ! those citizens have
 “ certainly an advantage from their gold.
 “ Did you look into the Haymarket last
 “ night ?—that little devil, the Theodore,
 “ danced divinely, I am told ; I was not
 “ there myself, I had an engagement,”
 (yawning) “ that kept me till late this morn-
 “ ing.”

“ing.”——Before Henry could answer any part of this elegant address, they were interrupted by the bride elect; who having heard her swain talk of being out all night, immediately exclaimed against such irregularities:

“Oh, you wicked creature!” lisped she, “you talk of the head-ach; How can you expect ever to be free from it, while you are such a rake?”

“Ah! *ma belle ange*,” replied my lord, “*vous avez raison*, but your charms will make a sober fellow of me.”—A conversation succeeded this gallant speech, very interesting to the parties, but of small consequence to this history—my readers will therefore suppose it as exceedingly clever and entertaining to them, in proportion as it tired and disgusted Sophia; and they will not be surprized that the ordering Mrs. Gab’s carriage was as joyful a relief to that young lady, as it was to our hero.

The satisfaction of poor Sophia was,

C 5 however,

however, but momentary ; they were no sooner seated than her mother began to vent on her the envy with which the thought of Miss Levifage's approaching nuptials filled her. — She charged her daughter with incorrigible stupidity, meanness of spirit, and the extremest folly in refusing a lord, who was also a fine gentleman ; and appealed to Henry, whether it were not the most aggravatingest thing in the whole world. — Poor Sophia could only answer with her tears ; and these Mrs. Gab was pleased, in her wonderful wisdom, to attribute to a source very foreign to the true one. — “ Yes, yes, she might well cry
 “ and make a piece of work ! my lord
 “ was actually gone, — lost ; — and the
 “ next lord she took the trouble of getting for her, she would know better
 “ how to use him ; she was served aright,
 “ did not Mr. Conway think so ? ”

Henry, who was congratulating himself on the escape he had just had, could not fail, at this appeal, of being diverted

at

at her longings after a son-in-law who so cordially despised her;—but, ridiculous as her ambition rendered her, and much as he felt for Sophia, whose gentle sighs reached his ears, he avoided contradicting her on *quality* subjects, in obedience to the injunctions of Mr. Gab.

It was ten o'clock when the carriage stopped on Dowgate-hill; and he was astonished to find that the fashionable Mrs. Gab was then going westward, to the assembly of a woman of fashion: she chose to set her daughter down, but pressed our hero to accompany her; adding, by way of inducement, “some of his relations, as well as “many other persons of quality, she durst to say, he knew would be there:”—but the constraint he had already suffered, the anxiety he had felt in fear of a discovery of his real character, and the apprehension of what would be the result of such a discovery, were, he thought, quite enough for one evening, and he declined, seeing his *relations* and *friends*, under pre-

tence of a violent head-ach; on which, with the addition of another footman, and two wax-flambeaux, the prudent mother left him to the society of her beautiful daughter. Sophia blushed at a retrospect so little to the honour of her mother; her want of delicacy was as conspicuous as her want of breeding; but though contempt and ridicule were properly her portion from people of a different description, who saw that her ignorance was the least disgusting part of her character, her daughter, who was a composition of softness, good-nature, and sensibility, could not help wishing to soften the glaring traits of her mother's folly, and to blunt the edge of those vices that rendered her despicable.

She, therefore, as soon as they were alone, attempted a vindication of Mrs. Gab, by criminating herself; "My
 "mama," said the amiable advocate,
 "having no suspicion that I can, at so
 "early a period of my life, entertain a
 "partiality

“ partiality for any one who has not re-
 “ ceived the sanction of my parents’ ap-
 “ probation, and Lord Crespigney hap-
 “ pening to suit her ideas of what would
 “ constitute my felicity, it is natural to
 “ suppose she should be displeased at the
 “ disappointment of her views for a child,
 “ from whom she has a right to expect
 “ obedience, without any reason she may
 “ *dare* to assign, for the contrary. I
 “ wish,” continued she (dropping a tear)
 “ I *could* obey my Mama”—“ Good
 “ God! madam,” cried Henry hastily,
 “ sure you do not wish you could pledge
 “ your faith and love to such a being
 “ as Lord Crespigney.”

“ Me! no;” answered she, “ I only
 “ wish I could obey my mama; and, per-
 “ haps I may also modestly wish that a
 “ certain wandering sailor had a title.”
 Having thus gratified herself by vin-
 dicating her mother, it was but fair,
 she should seize the present longed for
 occasion

occasion of talking on the subject nearest her heart; every circumstance respecting Montgomery was told over and over; all Henry remembered of him, even to a minute repetition of his words, was called for, and again repeated; Montgomery was the theme of the night; but, in the number of particulars, Henry entertained her with, *be*, as old Janet would have said, *remembered to forget* every part of the Bag-nio scene; nor did Sophia once in the course of the evening, again wish she could obey her mama.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A return to old Follies and old Friends.

THE time now passed at Dunstan's-hill, and wherever else Mrs. Gab chose to figure, with wonderful satisfaction; and the town emptying very fast, Henry

was in less danger of being dragged into company, that would disconcert him. Mrs. Gab's regard increased with her pride on the respect paid her friend Conway in all companies to which he was introduced; and many good natured people gave a reason for her attachment not quite consistent with her rigid virtue; but no malevolent aspersions could hurt *her*; any little body indeed would have been ruined by the interpretation put on her extraordinary fondness for the young man's company; but it is no more than justice to Mrs. Gab to say, that all her *penchant* was for his supposed rank; and she added to her other civilities the title of Honourable, by which she distinguished him at all her own parties.

Henry's person, figure, manners, and behaviour, were extremely well calculated to carry on this deception; he had a polite address, a good understanding, and an affability that endeared him to the few
with

with whom he conversed on terms of equality; and where he chose to shew respect, he could alway do it without the smallest tincture of servility; he was indeed in such general estimation in the circle of Mrs. Gab's acquaintance, that had he been disposed to take advantage of the countenance shewn him, he might have out-foared Lord Crespigney himself; as a jewels of immense fortune cast on him the eyes of affection, but he was too honest to dissemble; and the hateful truth, that he was engaged, was opposed to her offer of changing her religion for him. This circumstance increased his interest with Mrs. Gab, who was delighted that her man of fashion refused to mix with the *kennel*; and Mr. Gab was exceedingly pleased with the whole of his conduct; he found moreover, his own actions so little scrutinized into, that he was profuse in promises of future, and extremely liberal in his present friendship.

The

The lady to whom it pleased her husband he should be Cicesbeo, without the least regard to propriety or expence kept him in a constant vortex of pleasure; dress, dissipation, company, and public places, began to steal on his senses by imperceptible degrees; the respect paid to the well-known wealth of the Gab family, rendered his attendance on them but too flattering to a young man; Captain Gab, notwithstanding all his boasts, was still less acquainted among people of rank than his mother, and believing in the family creed, that Mr. Conway was *somebody*, he paid him great court; nay, he carried his attachment further than any one of the family: Happening to call at Dowgate-hill sometimes when his Ma' was out, and by no means chusing to trouble Pa', he condescended to supply some unexpected exigences in his affairs out of Henry's purse; a matter, as both the borrower and lender conceived it, of very trifling importance; for, although Mr.

Gab

Gab was a man who valued himself on his ready money dealings, never suffering a tradesman to leave his house with a bill unpaid; and although he had recommended the same mode of conduct to Henry, yet, as Captain Gab engaged his honour to repay him when he received his income, and as the taylor, shoe-maker, and other tradesmen, to whom Mr. Gab had recommended him, were so far from pressing for payment, that they did not bring their bills in when ordered, it made, as Captain Gab said, and as Henry agreed, very little difference, whether the money were in the hands of a parcel of rascally tradesmen, whose charges would well enough afford credit, or in his, who had very particular occasion for it. But I am now sure my young readers will think it high time to hear of my hero's making some effort to see Miss Elton.

The truth is, he had been twice at East-Sheen; but being always a person of more warmth of temper than prudence,
his

his enquiry was made with so little caution, at a fruiterer's near the school, that they were carried with a few of the usual additions to Mrs. Napper's, as soon as he left the shop.

Mrs. Napper immediately guessed who the officious meddler in the affairs of her young charge was, and she had the best of reasons to dread his influence might militate against her dearest interests, if Henry Dellmore got to the speech of Clara Elton; she therefore expressed her fears, lest some wicked person might have a design on her ward, and gave the woman her lesson, in case the same person should repeat his visit.

In a very few days Henry called at the fruiterer's, and was there told that Miss Elton and Jemima were gone to Esher; Henry put half a guinea into the woman's hand, and gave her an address to A. B. at a coffee-house; she promised to inform him of her return; and this conversation was faithfully transmitted to
Mrs.

Mrs. Napper, as far as it concerned her to know it; for as to the money, that was a different concern. So long a space had now elapsed, without the promised information, that he had no doubt of her continuing with Mr. Franklin, and for some time after, the West India voyage was the goal in view, which would one day be the means of rendering him worthy of Clara Elton.

By degrees, however, he thought less of exploring the ocean for riches, which he could so easily command in the regions of pleasure.

Mrs. Gab very seldom made an engagement in which he was not included, but when otherwise he lost the pleasure of Sophia's company.—All his enquiries after Montgomery, were fruitless; he had even written to Ireland, by an acquaintance he had made with a linen-factor, but no account was received of him; the disappointment sunk into the soul of the gentle Sophia; she retired *from society* with more real satisfaction than thousands who
detest

detest solitude would seek it; even Henry had no longer power to amuse her; those evenings therefore, few as they were, that left him disengaged were devoted to the company of young men, as thoughtless as himself, and at this period he was initiated into a practice to which he was hitherto happily a stranger—of deep play.

In this critical situation, I grieve to own that all my hero's *Juvenile Indiscretions* were resumed, excepting only the one he had solemnly renounced; neither company, the roar of mirth, nor example, had power to tempt him to exceed the third glass “what errors I evermore commit,” said he, “shall be charged to my reason.

He was one evening with Mrs. Gab and her daughter at the little theatre, when a servant who was keeping a place being called to in the middle of the first act of the play, it occasioned a little bustle by his falling over the seat, and drew the
attention

attention of the gentlemen, which was drawn off towards a very beautiful woman, who, elegantly dressed and glittering with jewels, came into the box.

Her features were lovely; they were too familiar to Henry not to be instantly recognized; in a moment her eyes testified she knew him, although her recollection was not accompanied with the confusion that overwhelmed *him*; she arose, and making the fashionable bend, sat down to view in the gazing multitude the effects of charms which were too conspicuous to be unobserved.

Henry turned pale, he trembled, he saw in the elegant figure before him the bane of his peace, the ruin of his morals, the world that stood between him and Clara Elton.

It was Lavinia Orthodox.

“Bless me! Mr. Conway, what’s the matter with you?” cried Mrs. Gab, “you look extremely ill.”

Again

Again his eyes met those of Lavinia, who having sacrificed to vanity, had time to give him a look of soft invitation : what his thoughts were at this rencontre, would be perhaps difficultt ruly to say ; he then returned her first notice with a graceful bow, and a look of pleasure highly flattering to the lady.

The notice Mrs. Gab had taken of his change of countenance, and the anxiety she expressed lest he should be ill, naturally carrying her observations to the part of the house whence his agitations seemed to arise, she quickly saw Lavinia.

“ Is that a lady of quality ? ” whispered she.

Hardly knowing in his confusion what answer to make, he chose the most improper, and told her, it was ; on which, Mrs. Gab, fearful of appearing to be deficient in politeness to an acquaintance of Mr. Conway's, rose immediately, and obliged her daughter to do the same,

to

to pay her respects to the woman of fashion.

This procedure attracted the eyes of the beaux from Lavinia ; the glasses were directly levelled at Sophia, and some young bucks, in boots and cockades, from the other side of the house, made their way into the box, and greatly exasperated Henry by their familiar glances at Sophia. Among others, was one person who watched, an unreasonable length of time, for an opportunity of making his bow, and which, when he had done, as he thought it caught our hero's notice, met not the least return.

His attention was indeed otherwise engaged.

The appearance of Lavinia, in that elegant stile, banished from his heart a load of care ; she was, he now thought, undoubtedly married, and he freed from the long, long sickening idea, of an engagement with her. While he looked with
pleasure

pleasure on Lavinia; and while, in the internal agitations which the sight of her occasioned, he turned his vacant eye round a full theatre, and saw not a single object, Clara Elton appeared to his mental view, adorned with modesty, truth, and kindness; her soft hand was in his grasp, he encircled her waist, her eyes swam in tenderness, and, what he had never before dared to indulge in, he lived over the happy moments that passed at Trap's, before Miss Napper introduced the subject of his engagement to Lavinia.

Eager to satisfy himself, and confirm his hopes, at the end of the second act he went to her box.

If Lavinia Orthodox had ever (which is a disputed point) loved any body, it was Henry Dellmore. Beautiful as she appeared, her figure was not more attractive as a female, than his was as a male; few young men equalled him in person, and fewer still in that nameless grace that

forms the perfect gentleman. The reception he met with from his old acquaintance was warmer than he wished, or expected; her eyes were far more eloquent than her tongue, although she was no niggard in expressions of unbounded joy, at meeting him, when she had long given up every hope of ever more being so happy: “but this,” said she, “is no place to say a thousandth part of what I think; when will you call on me?”

He was not, he answered, at his own disposal; but he would endeavour to obey her commands, at any time and hour she would appoint.

“Commands, Henry!—I live at the milliner’s in Greek-street.”

“You have changed your name, I presume, Madam.”—She gave him a card, with ‘Mrs. Wallace’ printed on it.—“At twelve, to-morrow, I shall be at home,” said she, piqued at his cool manner.

“At that hour I will have the honour
“to

"to attend you," answered he, bowing as he left her.

In the lobby he encountered the same pair of globular unmeaning eyes that had so long watched his motions from the other side of the house.

Henry's heart was uncommonly light; it was in a humour to enter into an exchange of kindness with all mankind; *now* he saw the eyes that saw him, and, forgetting the displeasure of their last meeting, extended his hand, with apparent pleasure; and proceeding to his box in familiar chat, did the very thing for Martin, in mere thoughtless good-humour, which that young man had offered him a thousand pounds to do before, and which had very nearly procured him the honour of being kick'd down stairs—he introduced Mr. Martin to Mrs. and Miss Gab, as his particular friend.

The beau (he was still a beau) was breathless with joy at his good fortune;

never was any creature so obliged, so respectful. He had made several efforts to creep round the lobby, without being able to muster courage to proceed above half way, before he was placed on the pinnacle of felicity. Not an office clerk in the house but would, he thought, envy his situation ; at first, indeed, some recollections, not quite pleasing, made him feel a little comical, but they were momentary ; and having attained a degree of joy he could not have hoped for, by being thus introduced to the Gabs, his next point was to render himself as acceptable an acquaintance as possible : he was perfectly acquainted with Mrs. Gab's weak side, and guessed at her daughter's ; one he knew was vanity—the other's he supposed, from her pensive countenance, to be sentiment ; he, therefore,

“ With all that cunning which in fools supplies,
 “ And amply too, the place of being wise,”

attached

attached himself to the folly of the former; and contented himself with making observations on that of the latter; he flattered Mrs. Gab's well known foible of imitating people in high life, paid her the most fulsome compliments on her taste and politeness, and fixed himself in her esteem, by having at his tongue's end the name and title of every person of rank present: from that dear theme he struck on one which drew some little regard from Sophia; he could entertain them with fifty pleasant anecdotes of the different performers; and (which is not always the case with voluble young men) though he talked a vast deal, he was very entertaining, and the ladies were much pleased with the amusement he afforded them.

He was rattling away, when happening to see Lavinia—

“Oh! Mr. Conway,” cried he, “what
 “do you think of that figure in light
 “brown, she with the fine diamond?

“ upon report she is reckoned a prodigious fine creature, and quite a new face; you see she is not mounted yet; she is seldom seen;—I have betted a bottle and fowl, that she does not keep to the lower boxes above a month.”

“ Do you know her, then?” asked Henry eagerly.

“ *En passant* only,” replied Martin, “ she is kept in style, as you see.”

“ Kept!” said our hero, “ starting with horror.”

“ Kept!” cried Mrs. Gab; “ why, Mr. Conway, did you not tell me she was a woman of fashion? Oh Heaven! and have I been taking notice of a kept woman? Oh I shall die!”—

Sophia blushed.

Henry looked the picture of pale despair: Martin, with his aforefaid cunning, saw he had done mischief, and if he did not repair it, perceived he should lose

lose the accidental advantage he had gained.

“ Whom do you mean, madam ? ” said he to Mrs. Gab.—

“ Whom do I mean ! ” answered she, swelling her intolerable large features, “ why that woman in the front box, with “ the diamonds as you call them, though “ I dare say they are nothing but a parcel “ of trumpery paste, they don’t look “ any more like mine than nothing at “ all.”

“ What, that lady next the gentle- “ man in black ? ” asked Martin, with a kind of serious curiosity, which effectually deceived Mrs. Gab, who gave an assenting nod.

“ Oh dear, ma’am ; no, that’s Lady— “ Lady—’Gad I forget her name, but I “ dare say you know her : no, ma’am, “ the lady I meant sat just behind her in “ pink, in the right-hand box, and left “ her seat while I was speaking to Mr. “ Conway.”

Mrs. Gab's features brightened up ; but though Henry could not but be obliged by the dexterous manner in which Martin had brought him off, he was exceedingly shocked at the impropriety he had unintentionally drawn Sophia into ; and he was plunged into the extremest misery at what he heard of Lavinia's situation.

The honour, generosity, and good-nature, which were the leading traits in his disposition, were all concerned in her welfare ; if she were abandoned, his heart smote him as the cause of her ruin. He looked round the house ; in every face of hardened iniquity he saw his own guilt, and in every innocent countenance fancied the visage of the once-uncorrupted Lavinia—such as these, cried conscience, she once was—such as *those* she is ; he had not only betrayed, but he had abandoned her, left her to unspeakable evils, in a situation the most binding to humanity.

Experience proves how liable young women, once seduced, are to temptation,
and

and how poorly fortified they in general are to resist it : how seldom the soothing voice of comfort reaches them ; how little kindness is shewn them ; how slow is forgiveness in overtaking them when misled ; with what alacrity they are condemned ; with what resolution is every return to honour barred against the hapless criminals ; how little compassion is shewn, particularly by their own sex, to a misfortune perhaps the result of a sensibility that would in every other respect attune the soul to the softest, most lovely attributes of humanity, or which perhaps might owe its cause to arts in the seducer, to situations, to feelings, an innocent heart could not resist !

Never, no never, will the outrageously virtuous of their own sex, forgive (particularly if they are secured by age or deformity from a possibility of temptation) a fallen female ; who would have become amiable and useful in society, had that mercy been extended by mortals to one single

offence, which they hourly receive from a perfect God for repeated offences. Excluded from this, they are, from mere despair and desperation, immersed in guilt, from which, in this world, there is no redemption !

The remorse and anguish those reflections gave Henry, as they arose in his mind, banished all these agreeable scenes which fancy had formed, and imagination had pictured with Clara Elton. Branded with the guilt of seducing the innocent from the paths of rectitude and honour, and self-condemned for having exposed her by his desertion to temptation and prostitution, how could he dare lift his eyes to Clara ? no, this was the moment of despair ; his agonies were too strong to be supported.

He looked at her, decorated as she was, he saw she was lovely, and she had spared no art to add to her native beauty ; she had not yet, indeed, so entirely cast off all shame, as to carry the certificate of her profession

profession in her undaunted brow to the degree he had often seen it, but it was easy to perceive she had lost the grace of all graces :

“ The robe obscene was o’er her shoulders thrown ;”
her eyes spoke a language he shuddered to understand, and her whole deportment proclaimed the levity within.

It was a very fortunate circumstance for Henry, that Martin was present to take care of the ladies, as *he* was actually obliged to leave the theatre, and retired immediately to his room, where he passed a wretched, sleepless night, during which he resolved to write to Lavinia, and offer her every assistance in his power to retrieve her lost fame, but by no means to trust himself in her company:

Mr. Martin continued to amuse the ladies with his fashionable biography, till the entertainment was ended, when he was offered a corner in the coach home, and invited to sup; and so good a use did he

make of his time, that he received at parting a general invitation to Dowgate-hill.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Party at Vauxhall.

MR. Gab was at this period gone a day's ride out of town, to attend the sale of a mansion he had some inclination to purchase; and Mrs. Gab devoted the next day to the giving directions about some alterations which she intended should be made at her country villa, while she took the excursion to Brighthelmstone: Sophia accompanied her, but they made it so late before they set off (and Henry could not well avoid attending the breakfast-table) that the appointed hour was elapsed before he had written his excuse, and after it was past, his mind was

was

was in so distracted a state, that he could not please himself in a letter.

Captain Gab dined with him, and after borrowing ten guineas, his Ma' not being at home (a circumstance the noble Captain knew full well, before he formed the resolution of visiting her that day) in the evening said he was going to Vauxhall, and asked our hero to be of his party.

Any company was at this time more acceptable to him than his own thoughts, and he went with the young man to the gardens, where they were met by Mr. Gab's signora, an Italian fidler, and two Italian ladies, chorus-singers at the Haymarket.

Henry was ignorant of the quality of his companions, but soon saw that Mr. Gab was on a very familiar footing with the whole set; they secured a box with difficulty, as the night was very fine, and the company numerous.

About eleven the males of his party pointed

pointed to his notice a very fine woman, who was also in an extreme elegant dishabille; "Heavens!" cried Henry, "my fate pursues me!"

It was Lavinia, arm in arm with another fine woman; she saw him at the same moment, and after a whisper to her companion approached the party.

"So, Henry," said she, placing her arm under his, "you would not come to me to day;"—and drawing him off from the company—"for which of those foreign figures am I rejected?" in a voice expressive both of anger and tenderness. They were all, he assured her, strangers to him; and, pleased at an opportunity of talking to her, without risking a private interview with such a fascinating object, he suffered her to lead him insensibly to one of the unfrequented walks.

There she said she understood, to her great joy, that Henry was acquainted with no more of her history than was perfectly convenient to her purpose. She utterly denied

denied any one act of levity, but what his desertion of her had occasioned; and said that her father and mother refused to receive her after her lying-in.

“What is become of the child?” cried he eagerly.

“Oh it was still-born.

“But did Mr. Franklin——”

“I—I did not apply to him.”

“Oh, Lavinia!”

“Why, how could I endure to return to Esher, to bear all the scandal of the place? besides my aunt was poor, and Lord Belvoir bribed her to his interest; and—come, Henry, you have little reason to reproach me, *you* who are the occasion of all my errors.”—They were walking on, Henry telling her, although so little was in his own power, he would apply to Mr. Franklin on her behalf; when she turned suddenly round—“Who are those impertinents that follow us?” said she sharply.—Henry looked round, two female figures were then rather drawing back,

back, and, on their proceeding, still followed them.

“ We will face them, however,” continued Lavinia, turning back. The intruders then left the walk, and Lavinia followed, still holding under Henry’s arm, but lost them in the crowd.

They were then joined by Henry’s party, the signoras exceedingly out of humour; presently Lavinia’s companion also joined them, with information that a party, with whom they were engaged, was that moment entered the gardens.

“ I must leave you, Henry,” cried Lavinia tenderly, “ but I insist on seeing
 “ you to-morrow, at the hour I vainly
 “ expected you to-day; you cannot in
 “ honour refuse me, I have many things
 “ to say to you, on which *your* welfare
 “ as well as *my own* depends: do not re-
 “ fuse me, I beseech you,” continued she, laying her hand affectionately on his, “ this
 “ request.”

Henry

Henry hesitated, he was uncertain what might be Mrs. Gab's engagements the next day; and, to confess a truth, the beauty of Lavinia, her bewitching softness, and some recollections that had better have been forgotten, notwithstanding his ardent passion for Clara, raised ideas in his mind, that rendered him doubtful of himself.

"*Can you, Henry, can you refuse once more to see your Lavinia?*"

In that moment, when the full force of the question, and the fondness visible in the interrogator, called forth the emanations of grateful sensibility, and he (pardon him, dear moralists) pressed the hand that had rested on his arm a chain of ladies brushed rather rudely by, and the one next Henry, who was hanging on the arm of a very fine young man, turned round full upon him—he *saw*, he *felt*, it was Clara Elton; and his own hand becoming motionless, he dropped Lavinia's.

Heavens!

Heavens! what a moment for her to press her suit in! and she could not wait a more favourable one, as her companion urged the impatience of their friends.

"Will you come then, may I expect you?"—He heard her not.—She repeated her question.—His eyes were strained after an object that filled him with anguish.

"Well, Mr. Dellmore," said Lavinia, assuming a haughty air, "if my entreaties want power to move you to grant me so poor a boon, I no longer solicit it as a favour, I demand it as an act of justice; and if you are not with me by twelve to-morrow, I have an infallible clue to find you out, and you may expect I shall be *your* visitor;" with this threat she left him, and joining her companion, they paid their compliments to Captain Gab and the two signoras, and took their leave.

Captain Gab had not heard the substance of the discourse between Henry and

and Lavinia, but the subject he guessed to be an assignation; the lady's face, it is true, was not known to him, but that of her who accompanied her was; and no more doubt could rest with him of their characters, than did with them of that of his signoras; and the Captain chusing to be thought a man of universal gallantry, in the absence of his fair Italian he contrived to draw Henry aside.

"How devilish unfortunate it was," said he, in a very low voice, "that I brought my girl here this evening! 'pon honour, I regret it very much: what a joyous party *you* and *I* and those two fine girls would have made!"

"*Your* girl!" replied our hero, "pray which of the ladies is it you so honourably distinguish?"

"Oh! come, pooh! you know her well enough," answered the Captain; "poor thing, every body knows her: she has indeed made herself too ridiculous

" in

“ in her attachment to me; but you,
 “ Conway, you beat me hollow; two
 “ of the finest creatures in the garden
 “ after you.”

“ I should be very sorry to *beat you*,
 Sir,” said Henry, inwardly provoked, at
 being drawn into such a party; and much
 doubting, from the information of the
 signora’s eyes, which were that night
 great wanderers, her prodigious partiality
 to the Captain.

“ Here, here,” cried Mr. Gab, “ here
 “ comes the lovely creature that fol-
 “ lowed you so close, when you was walk-
 “ ing with the other lady.”

“ Heavens!” said Henry, seeing Clara
 Elton advancing with her party, “ what
 “ is it you tell me? *follow me!*”

“ Yes,” answered he, “ by Gad did
 “ she; and that fine girl in the green,”
 pointing to Jemima, “ I am certain they
 “ followed you; I heard her dissuading
 “ the other, and declaring it was not
 “ worth her while.”

Clara’s

Clara's party had again passed them as before, with the difference only, that she was now walking between the Miss Nappers, and Jemima hanging on the arm of Sir James Restive.

The signoras now came up; they were, as I before said, very much displeased, the Captain's little enamorata was quite *enragée*, and that sweet creature felt herself mortified in no small degree.

The fine English women, who attracted the notice of the males of their own party, were not the only ladies present who very far eclipsed her in personal charms; and finding her large black eyes rolled without the smallest success on every smart fellow they encountered, she withdrew them in scorn from the insensible multitude, and fixed them in anger on her dear Gab.

"You be very polite, Sir, your hurry
"be very great;—pardon me," taking hold of his arm.

"As

“As jealous as the devil,” cried the Captain aside to Henry, who, full of the information he had received of Clara’s observing his motions, was now as intently watching her’s; and, seizing the opportunity which the reproaches of the lady to her lover gave him (of which she was in no degree sparing, mingling appeals to her companion, in their own language, on the barbarity of the Captain’s treatment, which excited the attention of the passers by) to steal off, he directed his course, glad to escape them, to that part of the garden where he supposed Clara was; and his heart bounded, as he hastily crossed the walk, at the sight of her he was in search of, detached from her party, walking very slow, and appearing in serious and earnest discourse with Jemima; he quickened his pace, and was within a few yards of her, when he was familiarly clapped on the shoulder by Mr. Peter Martin.

This

This rencontre happened at a period very unfavourable to the desire Mr. Martin certainly had, of being on the most friendly terms with our hero—his loud “Hah! my dear friend, *who* thought “of seeing *you* here!” started the ladies, who, without looking back, walked on very fast.

“And who the d—l wished to see you, Sir!” said he, in a voice as loud, and rather more discordant.

“Go—Go—God bless me, Sir, I—I—I beg pardon,” cried the mortified intruder, in a tone of humility, that in a moment made his peace; “upon my “soul, I thought no harm, I beg a thousand pardons.”

Our hero's good-nature said more in Mr. Martin's behalf than his own elocution, supposing he was possessed of any, could have done. Convinced the man meant well, though he had happened so unpropitiously to have fixed on a time for expressing that meaning, he begged pardon,

don, in his turn, for his own captiousness ; a condescension that encouraged the beau to offer a further petition, supposing, by Henry's being there, that Mrs. Gab, and her fair daughter, were also in the gardens. After lamenting his disappointment, as he had expected, he said, to meet company there, he begged Henry would suffer him to join his party ; a favour he made no scruple of granting, as he had no doubt of his interest with Captain Gab, nor was he troubled with any respectful scruples on behalf of the ladies ; but he took care, as they walked, to keep his eye on Clara, who he at length saw enter a box, where the rest of her party were, and where the table was spread with a profusion of every delicacy the place afforded. The horns and clarinets in waiting witnessed the genteel spirit of the gentleman who did the honours of the evening's entertainment ; when he saw, with sickening envy saw, Sir James Restive hand

Miss Elton into the box; and, a situation more enviable than a throne, he likewise saw him seated by her:—unable to bear a sight so fatal to his wishes (hopes he had none) he turned back, and led the way, in silence, to the box which Captain Gab's party had engaged; and formally introduced Mr. Peter Martin, as his friend, to the company.

The ladies were all condescension, the gentlemen in perfect good-humour; but Mr. Peter Martin, in this company, lost the servility that Henry had before observed was familiar to him; “I thought,” whispered he, “the Gab's were here;” then taking his seat, looked confidently at the women, and asked the foreigner “*Quel sorte du vin avez vous Monsieur?*”

The behaviour of Martin, who so well knew the town, would have convinced Henry of the despicable character of the Signoras, had he not before formed his

own conjectures: but the passing hour being the last that he should be likely to spend in such society, and the despair which filled his soul, sinking his spirits to the lowest ebb,—“I have sworn,” said he to himself, “to avoid drinking, but I “ have lost Clara: dear, divine creature! “ my parting libation to thee shall be in “ what will at least enable me to bear, “ for this night, the sight of thy happy “ choice;” and then calling for a half-pint bumper of brandy, regardless of what might be the remarks of the company, he knelt on one knee, and deeply sighing, articulated “Clara,” before he drank it.

The company were not disposed *to*, or not qualified *for*, deep reflection; they saw the extravagant act, but as they had no idea of supping at Vauxhall, without being, as Captain Gab said, “very funny,” and as the spirits of the whole party required a stimulus to enable them “to set the table in a roar,” though perhaps not of that very potent kind which Henry had just swallowed

lowed.—Captain Gab swore he was a *Bon Vivant*, and Mr. Peter Martin, who felt himself a person of great consequence, and who, moreover, finding the son and heir of the Gab family made one of a set with whose features he was perfectly well acquainted, was in tip-top spirits, and scorned to be out done, being, as Sancho Panca tells his master, “a very devil at every thing;” he also called for his glass of spirits, and, with wonderful address, persuaded the ladies that the evening was very cold, though it was quite the reverse, and prevailed on them to guard against the weather, by swallowing hot Rhenish in great abundance.

In a short time, although there might be *some* as happy parties (the gardens being remarkably crouded) there were none whose mirth was more conspicuous; they sung catches, and were self applauded; told stories, at which the relaters laughed most heartily, and attracted the notice of all that passed by; who, while some de-

spised, and others envied, all joined in a curious observation of so public a party.

In this scene of mirth and noise, Henry was a mere passive spectator; and notwithstanding the brandy he had swallowed, his spirits yet continued to flag;—his soul was on the opposite side of the gardens; it was exerting more than mortal powers to dispossess Sir James Restive of his seat, and it sunk in despair and sorrow as often as reflection reminded him that those exertions *were* the mere effusions of impotent fancy; that, do what he could, Sir James had still possession of the envied seat next Clara Elton; and that Henry Delmore was, for the time being, a miserable companion to some of the out-casts of society.

Mr. Peter Martin's efforts to keep up the spirit of mirth in the company, and his frequent libations to Bacchus, rendered him monstrously entertaining to Captain Gab, and his select friends; he presumed he was endowed with talents for mimick-
ry,

ry, and he was also a spouter, besides other innumerable requisites to excite laughter, at the expence of the understanding; he was, therefore, what is vulgarly called, "The fiddle of the company," who, while he caused the laugh, seldom troubled himself whether it was *at* or *with* him.

This jolly party, I have said, excited the attention of the multitude, and each passer by made a stop, to observe as miserable a set of beings as ever were perhaps united in the laudable desire to kill time. —Among the rest,

The divine eyes of Clara Elton, peeping over Jemima's shoulder, with a look of disgust and abhorrence, met those of our hero; they were again detached from the rest of their party:—Another glass of brandy was swallowed, and then he left the box with precipitancy, and followed them.

The second glass, together with the air and exercise, trifling as it was, as he walk-

ed once round the gardens after Clara, gave him a flash of false spirits, and he boldly accosted Jemima, at the same time bowing respectfully to Miss Elton.

Jemima was good-natured, chatty, and inconsiderate, she was really glad to see our hero, and made no scruple of telling him so; but while she entered into familiar chat, and rallied him on the happy choice of his company (leading imperceptibly to the most unfrequented part of the gardens) Miss Elton observed a profound silence, not deigning to honour him with a single glance. Fortified by brandy, and rendered bold by despair, Henry went round from the side of Jemima, where he was walking, and taking Clara's hand, demanded what he had done to offend her, and why it was she would not bless his ears with the sound of her voice.

Clara struggled vehemently; her face in a glow: Henry was stronger, and brandy felt not the frown of offended delicacy.

“ I say,

“ I say, Clara,” said he, “ take notice, I
 “ warn you of it, I have been swallowing
 “ false courage ; I *will* know what I have
 “ done to offend you ; and, by G—d,
 “ you shall tell me whether you mean to
 “ give yourself, your adorable self, to that
 “ happy fellow who possessed this hand
 “ an hour ago, without any of these vio-
 “ lent struggles to deprive him of it.”

“ Good God ! Jemima ;” cried Miss
 Elton, “ where are we got to, not a crea-
 “ ture is near us, and we are in the power
 “ of a madman : unhand me, Sir ! let
 “ me go, Mr. Dellmore.”—“ You are
 “ perfectly safe, nevertheless ;” said he,
 “ How can that be, when your info-
 “ lence !”—“ Insolence ! Clara ?”

“ Yes, insolence !” cried she, bursting
 into tears.

He let go her hand, and falling on his
 knees—“ Oh ! forgive me, Clara, dear
 “ Clara, forgive me ; I told you I had been
 “ arming myself with false courage, but
 “ you see I cannot resist your tears ; only

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“ tell me in what I have offended you,
“ and answer my other question, and I
“ will leave you for ever.”

“ What, Sir, is become of your La-
“ vinia ?”—

“ Is that an answer to my question ?
“ satisfy me in that one point, Do you
“ favour the addresses of Sir James Res-
“ tive ? for God’s sake say *no* or *yes*.”

“ Who was the lady that, not two hours
“ ago, walked this very walk hanging
“ so fondly on your arm ?”

“ Oh ! Clara, why do you thus torture
“ me ?”—

“ What, Sir, is become of that manly
“ regard to propriety, that moral recti-
“ tude, that deference to decency, you
“ must have observed in my guardian,
“ and which you knew how to feign
“ so well yourself ?”

“ Heavens ! Clara ; what is my crime,
“ that thus you torment me so severe-
“ ly ?”—

“ *Here*,—in this sequestered spot, where
“ there is no eye, save the one that will
“ pierce

“ pierce your soul, *here*—I blush at hold-
 “ ing converse with you, and my cha-
 “ racter would suffer, were I to be seen
 “ with you, by any of my friends.”

“ My God! Madam.”

“ It would, Sir. This, Mr. Dellmore,
 “ is the last time I will indulge my faulty
 “ partiality, by conversing with you;
 “ and as—as—notwithstanding the dark
 “ side of your character, I believe you
 “ do not hate Clara Elton, I will—in
 “ hopes that you may consider them as
 “ my parting words”——

She stopped—

Henry, still at her feet, caught hold of
 her muslin gown, and in it hid his face.—

“ You are too much attached to your
 “ friends, perhaps, Sir, to see that your
 “ associating with them will banish you
 “ from the society of the innocent, the
 “ simple, and the honourable part of
 “ mankind; that it is a scandal to the
 “ principles of a *woman* of *real* virtue,
 “ to admit a professed libertine into her

“ company ; and that entering into conversation with a man just come from the abandoned of her sex, is a direct violation of modesty.”

“ Good God ! Clara ;—am I, am I a professed libertine ?—am I the monster you are painting ?—Dear girl, whence your information ?—Who has cruelly defamed me ?”

“ Oh, Henry ! when in those happy hours at Elsher, we went through Lord Chesterfield’s Instructions to his Son, you forget how fully we accorded in opinion, that his ideas of the utility of preserving the moral character was among the most wise, as well as rational of his precepts, you agreed it was not only proper but necessary.”

“ To be scrupulously jealous of your moral character, to keep it immaculate, unblemished, unsullied, it will then be unsuspected : defamation and calumny never attack where there

“ is

" is no weak place ; they magnify, but do
 " not create."

" Many are the anecdotes with which
 " my ears have been offended, and—and
 " why should I now disown it—my heart
 " wounded—since your absenting your-
 " self from Esther ; I attributed much to
 " youthful levity, and more to private
 " malice : but proof, ocular proof."

" Oh, Clara, be still merciful ; pity
 me" !

" I do from my soul, Henry, pity
 " you ; alas ! how much—how very
 " much—did I pity you, when I passed
 " you at supper in such abandoned com-
 " pany !"

" Hear me, Miss Elton ; let me tell
 " you how I came into such company."

" Oh, Henry" !—

" By heaven ! I can account for it
 " without wounding your delicacy, or
 " departing from the strictest veracity."

—" Oh, Henry ! but who was the lady
 " you left your company with ?"—

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—Henry was silent.

“ Can you tell me *that*, without wounding my delicacy, without departing from truth ?”—

“ Yes, Clara, I can; it was Lavinia Orthodox”.

“ *How!*” cried she, almost breathless, “ was she—was that—that fine woman she”?

“ *Indeed!*—Mr. Dellmore,” said Jemima, “ why, I thought Lavinia was a mere country chit, just such a thing as her sister, and did not wonder at being told you had left her; but you astonish me! she is one of the finest women I ever saw: are you married ?”

“ Oh!” said Clara, still panting for breath, “ if he is not, she would be—the man who can ruin innocence, who can—but I shudder at the idea: farewell, Sir,—you have answered my question,—I will return the civility; I have not rejected the addresses of Sir James Restive”; and with these words she walked

walked away, leaning on Jemima. Her pace was slow and irregular, her trembling feet could with difficulty support her weight; but, the time it took her to re-join her party, was no advantage to our poor hero, who, struck to the soul by her last words, sunk motionless on the ground, in a paroxysm of anguish and despair.

How long he continued in that situation, is uncertain; he saw no more of any of the parties who had thus accidentally contributed to involve him in the deepest distress of mind.—Cold, shivering, and distracted, when he arose from the ground, he walked about in agony;

“Grief tears his heart and drives him to and fro;

“In all the raging impotence of woe”.

At length—“I cannot be more miserable, I will follow her,” he cried, “she shall hear how I adore her, and if she banishes me for ever, I will not repine”.

With

With hasty steps he bent his course towards the box in which she had supped; the waiters were clearing the table; the company had left the gardens:—"How long had they been gone?" "which door did they go out of?" exclaimed Henry.

The waiters had lighted them to their carriage, and were but just returned.

He flew to the door, no trace was there of Clara Elton; he remembered Sir James's livery, and thought he should recollect his carriage: unmindful of danger, he pushed through the crowd, and in his frantic eagerness to get once more to the sight of the woman he loved, reached the turnpike before he thought of the party he had left in the gardens.

Bitter recollection, unavailing regret, then overtook him; his heart recoiled from the idea of rejoining people who had been the means of depriving him of the esteem of Clara; and he pursued his comfortless way to Dowgate-hill, where he understood neither Mrs. nor Miss Gab had returned

returned from the country; but the lady had sent him a note to let him know they should be in town in time to dress for a ball, which was to be given the next day at the London tavern.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Man of Business in Love.

HE retired to his chamber in a state little short of frenzy; the brandy he had drank, (being unused to spirits) the agitation of his mind, and a cold he had caught by laying so long on the damp ground, all contributed to the disorder of his body, and he went to bed very much indisposed.

Much as he wanted rest, nature's soft nurse was frightened, she would no more
 " weigh his eyelids down, nor steep his
 ' senses

"senses in forgetfulness," a raging pain in his head, and ruthless anguish at his heart, kept him awake till late in the morning, when he dropped into a slumber more fatiguing to the mind, than sitting up wholly could be. He was falling down precipices, sinking into mud, he was *drowning*,—*burning*, and enduring every kind of death, that a perturbed imagination could give rise to; and, in every danger still Lavinia was in the background; he awoke in a trepidation, and then resolved to prevent Lavinia from putting her threat in execution of visiting him, by going to her, and taking a final leave.

She was in handsome lodgings, at a millener's, where, on the passage door, the brass plate informed him, it was the residence of Mrs. Wallace.

The maid of the house opened the door; but on ringing the bell, a footman appeared, and no sooner heard the name *Henry* given to the maid, than

he jumped down five or six of the stairs, and ran to our hero, embracing him, capering, and exhibiting every mark of ungovernable joy.

Henry soon recollected him,—it was the identical Matthew Hudson, whose desire to travel and see the world, was not to be conquered by the breach of promise of his late master:—his frantic expressions of joy were so vociferous, that Mrs. Wallace—or—Miss Orthodox, who was armed at all points, in expectation of her visitor, rang her bell to know the cause of so violent and extraordinary a commotion; on which Matt making a sign for Henry to follow him, and clapping the fore finger of his right hand to his lip, a method of enjoining silence which he had learnt from his mother, ascended the stairs, and opened the door of his mistress's apartment.

Our hero was scarce entered before Lavinia was in his arms, and actually overcome, or very well feigning to be so;—

between

we

we will by no means stake our veracity on either,—she was near fainting.

All that art, design, and dress, could do towards rendering a naturally beautiful person irresistible, Lavinia had done; she found, to her great satisfaction, that Henry was still prepossessed with the *same idea* of having seduced her; by *which*, when a mere simple country girl, she had contrived to mould him to her purposes, without the advantage of that knowledge and experience she now had; her person had charmed him unadorned, and without the decoration of art and expence; how could it now therefore fail of captivating him, when so much pains had been bestowed upon it?

As soon as by the assistance of hartshorn on the one hand, and a soothing attention from Henry on the other, she had recovered herself, she ordered chocolate, which was brought in by Matt; and when he was dismissed, Lavinia taking advantage of his ignorance of her conduct, lamented

mented her unhappy fate, and with a flood of tears, she candidly laid before him all the errors of her life, attributing them to her first false step with him:—with reproaches she mingled tenderness. The heart of our hero sunk under the one, and he was not proof against the other, but his sensibility, though it distressed him inconceivably, was not exactly of the sort she wished to inspire. Three hours passed in well acted anguish on her side, and with real agony on his; during which, she informed him, that being, on her recovery from her lying in, deserted by all her friends, excepting indeed only Mr. Franklin, to whom, as she heard Henry had left Esher, she did not apply, and destitute of support, she was obliged to accept the offer of an old nobleman, whose seat was near the village, where her aunt lived:—he had, she said, supplied her wants, and when he left Derbyshire for the winter, removed her to these lodgings in town, where she had

but

but one desire, which indeed comprised every thing, and that was content.

Henry implicitly believed every word she uttered; for as he had never entertained the smallest doubt of her innocence, when, as he supposed, her unbounded love for him, robbed her of the guard of prudence, and left her honour too open to the excess of youthful passion, the natural consequences of that first Juvenile Indiscretion, were the errors which succeeded it, and the guilt of the whole he very generously laid upon himself.

He believed Lavinia's principles were naturally too good to leave her the voluntary slave of prostitution, and he was wisely concerting a plan for her reformation, which was to commence with a return, to the amorous nobleman, of all those unnecessary ornaments, with which she made so brilliant a figure, at the play-house; and he already fancied an increase of her beauty, from the plain simple attire which would become a state of penitence

nitence, when he was startled by a smart double rap at the door that announced a visitor.

Lavinia, in great confusion, said, she was sure it was my lord; she knew his rap, "run my dear Henry," cried she, "down stairs, turn on the right into the fore parlour, if he sees you, I am ruined:"—No time was left for a second thought; otherwise, Henry would probably have represented to her, how immaterial it was to the plan he had laid down for her, what his lordship's comments might be on finding a friend with her:—he obeyed her without thinking, and found himself in a situation that would admit him to pursue a further arrangement of the scheme he was forming, for the reformation of Lavinia, without interruption.

He had seen no person in his descent from the drawing room to the parlour, which being empty, his thoughts presently reverted to what he had so much at heart;—before he had fixed on any thing
decisive,

decisive, he was a second time alarmed by a rap at the door, very different from the former; inasmuch as that was a smart *rat-tat-tat*, and this was the tremendous thunder of a person of quality's footman.

A violent bustle over his head, hasty opening and shutting of doors, and a confused sound of voices, convinced him this was no common visitor; yet, as he had no doubt but Lavinia's lord was with her, he could not suspect it concerned her.

Another louder fashionable rap, announced the impatience of the person who was so unreasonably kept in waiting; and Henry's curiosity being raised, he looked over the blind, and saw a hackney chair, in which sat a tall pale old man, of a delicate complexion, and genteel figure, whose noble appearance struck him with admiration, as his venerable looks did with awe; and so taken up was his whole attention in observing this visitor,

whose

whose figure, as he stepped out of the chair, when after a length of time the door was opened, gave him an idea at once of grandeur and humility; he smiled good humouredly while he [reproved the maid for keeping him so long at the door, and our hero's eyes being fixed on him, till he entered, he did not attend to what was passing nearer himself.

Perhaps the reader suspects, from the hints we have dropped, that Mrs. Wallace had more male visitors than she chose to acquaint her friend with; that was precisely the case; the first alarm at the door she well knew was not Lord Belvoir's; it was in fact one, she did not by any means chuse to introduce to Henry, and his lordship having always given her notice of his intentions to visit her, she had no fear of an interruption from him, but it very unluckily happened, that he had on this unfortunate morning, been disappointed in some business which could not be settled, and having an hour before

fore dinner which he had not pre-engaged, he was carried from the chambers of his attorney, to those of his mistress, in order to favour her with an agreeable surprise.

Having thus accounted for an accident very common to ladies of Mrs. Wallace's profession, I must return to my hero.

When he lost sight of Lord Belvoir, he turned round with intention to resume the subject, from which his thoughts had been interrupted; a scuffle at the door which led into a back room, however, prevented him; "indeed sir," said a woman on the outside, "that room does not belong to my mistress;" "stand off, I will see who is in it," answered a voice he thought he knew; immediately the door was opened, and in burst Mr. Gab, followed by Lavinia's maid, protesting he was taking an unwarrantable liberty, in thus breaking into a gentleman's apartments, who (winking at Henry)

Henry) was an entire stranger to Mrs. Wallace.

Mr. Gab stared,—Henry looked petrified.—“Mr. Conway!” said Gab.—“I thought you was in the country, sir,” answered Henry. “I believe you,” replied Gab; the astonishment which this unexpected rencontre had thrown him into, quickly changing into jealous rage.

Henry had yet no suspicion of the real accident that had thus thrown him in the way of Mr. Gab; nor even though a lady of the ton’s maid was making all kind of grimaces, to let him into her mistress’s secret, had he the least conception of the cause of Mr. Gab’s extraordinary agitation; he innocently began an apology for intruding into that room, which he concluded belonged to some person with whom Mr. Gab was in some shape or other connected, either on business or as an acquaintance.

Mr. Gab’s return to his apology was gloomy and resentful; he deigned not

to answer him, but after a minute's silence, rising in a rage, told him, he was not to be imposed upon, he knew his business there was with Mrs. Wallace, and he insisted on being informed of the nature of their connections; how long he had known her—where their acquaintance commenced, and many other particulars of equal importance; and he concluded with a protestation, that if he deceived him in the minutest article, he would never do him another friendly office while he existed.

But Mr. Gab's violent method of proceeding, defeated its own purpose; mildness and good-humour would (as he had nothing himself to conceal, nor yet suspected any secrets on the side of the lady) have drawn from him the whole history of Lavinia and himself; but he would not be commanded or threatened out of any thing; he therefore kept a stubborn silence

silence, nor would he answer a single interrogatory.

Mr. Gab became at this provoking conduct, quite vociferous; his rage increased every moment: it was in vain, Lavinia's maid, and the woman of the house joined in imploring him to consider, how his violence would distress Mrs. Wallace; in vain they remonstrated against loud speaking; he continued in high and resentful upbraidings, and insisted that Henry was a favoured gallant of the jilt above stairs,—he would ruin him, and expose her;—*he* did not value a lord, he could buy twenty of them:—My lord, indeed! let my lord do as he did, pay twenty shillings in the pound, and he believed little enough would remain for his mistress.

Ring, ring, ring, from above stairs, again set the women to entreating the enraged citizen to moderate his passion; but to no purpose;—from abusing my lord,

he fell on Henry, and in the heat of his rage upbraided him with that very duplicity of character he had put him on acting. Our young man's astonishment at this treatment could only be exceeded by the shock it gave him, to find the real character of Lavinia, was that of an abandoned woman of the town: Mr. Gab's ravings were the effects of his passion for her; he was actually weak enough to be in love with her, and had hitherto flattered himself,—he was equally beloved.

With the conviction of her unworthiness, his concern for Lavinia lessened, but his wish to reclaim her, and remove her out of the way of temptation, did not lose its force; for as he yet charged himself with her seduction, all her subsequent errors he concluded, originated with him.

But what could be said for Mr. Gab, a married man, the father of a family; who could expose himself by a conduct so diametrically opposite to every principle

ciple of moral rectitude!—he could not hear his jealous rage without abhorrence, nor look on him without contempt.

Mr. Gab was one of those wary citizens whom experience had taught, that to be master of the passions was an advantage to a commercial man, superior to any thing but a deep insight into the rise and fall of the stocks: he was remarkably successful in his efforts to disguise his real feelings; was uncommonly cool, and steady in all his dealings;—and so happy in the art of concealing his predominant passion for women, that no creature, in the line of his connection, suspected him of it, except Mrs. Gab, whose complaints on that head went further than mere suspicion.

But who can be always on his guard?—a perfect judge of mankind avers, “every man has his weak side, and if any appear without one, it is because it is not yet found out;”—in the present instance Mr. Gab exhibited his, with very little credit

either to his morals or understanding; all that cool, that collected firmness, on which he had, by the success it insured, such reason to value himself, gave place to rage and jealousy; the warmth with which Lavinia affected to return his attachment, had, as he said, lost him money enough; that she was Lord Belvoir's mistress, and that she was also under great obligations to him, was no secret to Mr. Gab; for, as she assured him, it was a circumstance equally repugnant to her principles and inclinations, both which were devoted to him; although as his lordship had seduced her from her friends, and she could not entirely leave him, it was, as to that part of her story, of little importance to Mr. Gab.

Lord Belvoir was old enough to be Lavinia's grandfather; Mr. Gab was a younger, a handsomer, and a richer man; *ergo*, Lavinia must certainly prefer him; and moreover, as I before said, he had her own authority for believing she doated
on

on him ; so that, while he was secure in her affections, he had no kind of objection to the dishonouring a lord, although so exceedingly enraged at the idea of Henry's being a favoured admirer, the matter indeed was totally different.

In the first case, *he* had the honour of supplanting a nobleman, whom, with the connivance of his mistress, he might consider as a dupe to his superior attractions ; so far was he from feeling an uneasy sensation on that account, he was never so well pleased as when his charming Lavinia entertained him with ludicrous anecdotes at the old peer's expence ; nor ever felt himself so great a man as when he happened to meet his lordship, which he never did without a smile of contempt at his folly, and a secret exultation in his own sagacity ; even the mention of Lord Belvoir's name gave him a triumph, in the assurance and ingratitude of a faithless courtesan. But in the latter, the case was unmercifully reversed ; if his confi-

dence in Lavinia chiefly depended on the contrast between him and the earl, how much more striking, and how much less to his advantage, did that contrast appear, on a comparison between the young and handsome Henry Dellmore of two and twenty, and the solid citizen of four and forty; if, therefore, Lavinia was fond of Henry, heaven and earth, what an offence! *he*, the wise, the money-getting Mr. Gab, was in that case the dupe; the very same injury he coolly and with premeditation, nay, that he gloried in doing another person, who from his superior rank might have claimed some respect; when offered, as he supposed, to himself, threw him into a rage little short of insanity. He continued raving and swearing, till the earl, no less displeased at the rude noise, than astonished at the temerity of those who durst (knowing him to be in the house) raise such an indelicate disturbance, walked down stairs, followed by Lavinia, who had vainly endeavoured to prevent

prevent her noble lover from exposing his sacred person on the occasion.

Neither the pride of riches, nor the fancied personal superiority, that had hitherto supported the comparative consequence of Mr. Gab, could now supply him with an adequate degree of courage to continue his bluster; the tradesman shrunk into his native littleness, before the man of real quality;—the awe people of low birth ever feel, let them put what face they can on the matter, in the presence of persons of rank and family, silenced Mr. Gab for a few minutes;—but on Lord Belvoir's demanding, in a haughty tone, "Who it was that durst disturb his privacy, in that rude manner?"—Mr. Gab was again the wealthy man, who valued no lord in England; who paid twenty shillings in the pound; and who could buy a peerage when he pleased. After these general hints, he was content to confine his inveteracy to Lavinia, whom he abused very handsomely, giving her

every vulgar appellation his low breeding could furnish, nor made he the least secret of his connection with her; but proceeded, without respect to *parsons* (as his wife would have said) to charge her with equal infidelity and ingratitude; the one he instanced by her present situation; and gave proofs of the other from memorandums in his pocket-book, under the article of private adventures, of divers handsome sums with which he had rewarded her vile conduct.

Lord Belvoir heard him with great patience; he looked over the date and amount of Mr. Gab's presents; and with a *nonchalance*, for which he was remarkable, when Mr. Gab stopped to take breath, and to wipe his face, told Lavinia he was really concerned for her.

"Here, child," said he, "you have possibly lost three lovers, merely for want of decent management; I lament your *faux pas*, it was exceedingly unfortunate; but

but how could you be so impolitic as to make one morning serve such a treble purpose?"

"No, no, my lord," cried Gab, "she is not such a novice as to do that silly thing, it is not her fault I was not longer her dupe: I have been at a sale in the country, and have bought the jade a pair of ear-rings she has teized me for this month; and, fool like, I must come here before I went home; I could not rest till I had brought them to her."

On this, Lavinia's tears began to flow;—

"Ah! you crocodile, yes, you may weep, but you shall never see them; no, I will give them to my daughter."—

"Your daughter," repeated Lord Belvoir,— "Ah! I thought I recollected you; Miss Sophia Gab, I believe, is your daughter; you are perfectly right, it will be certainly more consistent with propriety to present them to that charming little frost-piece; not but the diamonds will become this lady quite as well as

the buying jewels for a mistress does you."

The significant sneer that accompanied this speech, provoked Mr. Gab, who answered in the same tone, "and it might be as much for the honour of your lordship's family, if you were to bestow your ready money favours on your grandson instead of a mistress; I believe Lord Crespigny wants cash as much, nay, I fancy I might say more, than Sophia Gab does diamonds."

The shrewd truth conveyed in the retort, was not less provoking to the peer than his irony had been to the citizen; but he had a happy command of his temper, and he conceived it derogatory to his dignity, to manifest any tokens of anger in company so much beneath him; turning therefore from Gab, his features perfectly in unison, with that ease of mind he chose to assume, and addressing himself to our hero:—

"And pray, young gentleman," said he

he, "who may you be? I shall not be surprized if you, having no gold or diamonds, nor other favour in the pecuniary way to part with, are content to receive from this young lady, what in point of equity more properly ought to be bestowed on *that* gentleman's daughter, and *my* grandson."

The smiling countenance with which this speech was delivered could not mollify its severity;—Henry coloured: his soul scorned the idea of being minion to a prostitute.

"You are mistaken, my lord," answered he, "I have received no favour of the lady; and if I had conferred any, I should be above repeating it."

Lavinia now came forward; but Mr. Gab flying from her approach, renewed his invectives against the *Jezebel*, the *Hyena*, the *Rattle snake*, and ran out of the house. The lady, with an effrontery that confounded Henry, advancing to his lordship, dropped a tear, and after lamenting

menting the insults he had received from a lunatic, protested Henry was her brother.

“ I am happy, Madam,” replied the wary peer, “ to know your relations :— You are this lady’s brother, I presume, Sir ?” —

“ No, my Lord,” answered Henry, with a mixture of sorrow and resentment in his countenance, “ infamous as she is, I would give the world I was, or any *other* relative, so that I felt nothing for her but family disgrace. Lavinia,” continued he, addressing himself to her, “ unhappy Lavinia, thy ill conduct is the bane of my peace ; I shall never cease to reproach myself for the part I have had in thy ruin ; destitute as I am myself of friends and fortune, for thee, to preserve thee from the horrid and sure consequences of this detested way of life, there is nothing I would leave unattempted : I will throw myself at the feet of my bene-

factor: those favours I have voluntarily declined accepting for myself, I will solicit for you. Look back, Lavinia, to the days of innocence and peace from which we both have fallen; you may yet return; Mr. Franklyn's interest will, I know it will, ensure you a kind reception; you are yet young and lovely; dear Lavinia, let me be the means of replacing you in that guiltless state from which I seduced you."

"Well, Henry," answered she, after a long pause, "are you then ready, if I accept your offer, to perform your engagements?"

"Heavens, Madam!" cried he, "what is it you ask! can you expect?—Let me conduct you home, Lavinia; let me snatch you from destruction."

"You hear, Madam," said Lord Belvoir, "what your *brother* says."

"I hear enough," replied she, scornfully, "to make me despise him."

"Do

“Do me the honour, Madam,” continued his Lordship, “to inform me in what degree of relationship the gentleman, who just now left us (Mr. Gab, I think is his name) has the happiness to stand in to you.”—There was an air of dignity, a tone of determination, in the old peer’s address, that confounded Lavinia, and filled Henry with awe: she saw he was convinced of her guilt, and unable to lift her eyes to the face of a man of his quality, whom she was conscious of having injured, she retired a few paces back, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

“Here child,” continued Lord Belvoir, taking out his purse, “are ten guineas, it will pay the expences of conveying you back to the old dame’s, from whence I took you; and if you should be disposed to follow your *brother’s* advice (if that sum should be insufficient to compleat his purpose, *outré* as his proposals

posals are) I will not object to doubling it.”
 —“ Young man,” addressing Henry, “ I am charmed with your conduct ; if your principles are really what they appear to be, you are a phænomenon.”

“ I think you said something about being destitute,—there is my address ; I have not much interest, neither do I often ask favours, but you may call in St. James’s-square, I will give my porter directions to admit you.” He then returned a graceful nod to our hero’s respectful obeisance ; and bowing politely to Lavinia, just as easy as if he had casually met the most indifferent acquaintance, ordered his chair, and left them.

Henry was now, as he thought, at liberty to re-urge his proposal to Lavinia, who sat in a moody, reserved manner, with the purse, Lord Belvoir had given her, still in one hand ; Henry took the other between his, and was earnestly imploring her to follow his advice, when Mr. Gab (whose culpable fondness for his mistress

mistress would not let him be long absent) entered as the chair was carried out, burst into the parlour, and glancing a furious look at Henry, threw himself into a chair.

Lavinia knew her power over Mr. Gab: he swore he would never see her more;—but she declared she never would part with him:—and, in a peremptory tone, bid Henry leave the house, nor ever presume to enter it again:—“I reject, Sir,” said the artful woman, “all your proposals, nor would I, for millions, leave my present situation.”

Henry would have answered, but she insisted on his leaving the house; which, now believing her hardened beyond his power of reclaiming her, he was glad to do.

He was right in his conjectures; Miss Orthodox, or as she then chose to be called, Mrs. Wallace, was really past shame:—she felt little regret at parting with her noble lover, who had received her

her from her aunt's in Derbyshire, where she had been delivered of a still-born infant, and had taken those lodgings for her before he sent for her to town. Besides paying her rent, he allowed her a poultry pittance, as she now called three guineas per week, although when he first named that sum she thought it immense, and conceived it would not be possible for her to spend so much money ; but so infinite and various were the resources that offered, as soon as she made her *entrée* into the great world, that three guineas a week was pitiful indeed ; it would not, she said, pay her hair-dresser ; nevertheless, though she despised him for his meanness, as she called it, and laughed at what she more properly termed his folly, his rank was her public protection ; and in private (as in the case of Mr. Gab) the pride of being well with a nobleman's mistress, certainly enhanced the value of her favours.

When Lord Belvoir visited Lavinia, her dress was as neat and plain as it was

at

at other times showy and expensive; her diamonds were the gift of Mr. Gab, and the establishment of her family had several generous contributors towards its support.

Matthew Hudson, a part of her suite, was never seen by his lordship; he would as soon have expected to have met a pair of lawn sleeves among her domestics as a footman; but it did not follow, because an old whimsical lord should not see the necessity of a footman for a fine woman, that *she* should deprive herself of so agreeable an appendage to gentility.

“ Lord, my dear,” cried Miss Charlotte, who visited Mrs. Wallace, “ I am astonished, so much *good* company as you keep, you do not have a footman; I am sure you can afford it.”

Lavinia was exceedingly clever at a hint;—she immediately sent to the register-office for a footman.

The person who kept the office took
down

down her name, and place of abode, and very politely put her shilling in his pocket;—he should soon be able to supply her; he had indeed a hundred names of young men out of employ on his books;—but the man had some liberal ideas, he chose to have an hundred more; and next day actually paid three shillings out of his pocket, for an advertisement to supply a lady with a servant, from whom he had received but one :

“ W A N T E D,

“ A smart young man to wait on a
 “ single lady. Perquisites allowed; good
 “ wages, and very little work.—En-
 “ quire at the register-office.”

“ Mercy,” cried Matthew Hudson (who having grown out of all patience at the length of time it took, or should have taken our hero, to write him the promised letter, had staid in London by stealth, and had been in the direct road to preferment

ment long enough to spend his hoarded new guineas, and crown-pieces) "Mercy, though if I hate Vimen, I wish I could get this place, howsoever I'll try;" and away went Matt to the Register office:—many where the anxious applications and enquiries after Mrs. Wallace's place, but Matt having, as the office-keeper very judiciously observed, an honest countenance, and having likewise very fortunately reserved two Queen Ann's half crowns for a pinch, which he surrendered to this judicious observer; he was not only sent to the place, but furnished with an undeniable character, having lived two years in his last place, with a Clergyman *he had never seen.*

* Mrs. Wallace knew Matthew the moment she saw him, and hired him out of mere pride and ostentation, not doubting but the splendour in which she lived, and the fame of her beauty and fine cloaths, would be transmitted to Esther;—poor Lavinia!—she forgot, or perhaps
had

had never yet been told, that grandeur, purchased at the expence of honour, is a more severe reproach, than the most abject poverty.

Mr. Gab, with whom she had accidentally met at the play, was to her a mine of riches; his fondness was excessive, and his purse was ever open to her demands, frequent and extravagant as they were; it was therefore of far more importance to her, to retain his partiality, than that of the noble lord's;—half an hour reconciled the gallant,—she got the ear rings,—sighed at parting,—and gloried in her address.

CHAPTER XL.

Pride will have a fall.

WHEN Henry left Greek-street, he was very undetermined where to go, or how

how to conduct himself: Mr. Gab's looks were very unfriendly at their parting; nevertheless, he could not but conclude he would be as glad to avoid any disagreeable retrospect as himself; and as the abhorrence he felt at Lavinia's conduct was real, he believed every other man who was witness to the morning's transaction, would hold her in the contempt he did; and that consequently, when Mr. Gab came to cool on the matter, he would not only be ashamed on his part, but be glad to bury the whole affair in oblivion. When he had made these conclusions, he recollected his engagement to attend Mrs. Gab and her daughter to the ball; and it being then four o'clock, he hastened to Dowgate-hill to dress.

The ladies were just sitting down to dinner, the friseurs having done their utmost to render them perfectly charming: immediately after the cloth was removed, he retired.

The

The business of the toilet was soon dispatched by Henry, he was at all times elegant and genteel; and he re-entered the drawing-room full two hours before the ladies were ready;—the interval gave time for reflection “even to madness.”

The end of every illaudable pursuit now struck him, as manifested in the dreadful fate of Lavinia; her address, her boldness and her dissimulation went to his heart; he considered them as the particular consequences of his own vices, and he shuddered to anticipate the catastrophe of such abandoned actions, nor, hardly could he hope it might end with her, while he knew himself to be equally guilty:—once before, he had regretted, he was not still in possession of Mr. Franklin’s pecuniary favours; that was at the moment, his heart expanded towards the honest sailors; and once also he seriously regretted, that he was not in reality heir to the Dellmore fortunes, which was at the instant he held

the soft hand of Clara Elton in his own.

Now, again, he deplored his poverty and dependant state, which afforded no resource for repentant iniquity, even if he could prevail on Lavinia to adopt that character; but of one there was as little probability as of the other; no hope of a decent provision even for himself, but in a long West India voyage; or of reformation in her, but from very adverse fortune, and a series of that distress, which is the general reverse of their gay hours, to ladies who prefer her mode of life.

Mrs. Gab, in a vast flow of spirits, elegantly dressed, in her own idea, that is, as fine as rich cloaths and jewels could make her; and her daughter in virgin-white, attended by our hero, set off at nine to the London tavern.

The room was crouded with opulent citizens and their families, and the riches of a commercial nation, shone in full splendour,

splendour, in the brilliant appearance of her traders ; among those (as Mr. Gab was one of the most wealthy, so he was also among the most respectable) way was made for Mrs. Gab and her young daughter, who, with their escort, were accommodated with one of the most convenient seats at the upper end of the room : she was no sooner seated, than casting her eyes round the assembly, in all the triumph of immense wealth, she commenced a caricature history of the company ; weakly imagining, that by depreciating her neighbours, she should conceal one part of her own history, and adorn the other.

Mrs. Gab had every quality requisite to form a complete satirist, except good sense and good nature ; but those trifling deficiencies were amply supplied with a strong memory, a moderate share of envy, an abundance of curiosity, and a tongue that defied every impediment but sleep.

She was gratifying the malevolence of her temper, and as *she* conceived it, won-

derfully entertaining to our hero, at the expense of every individual she knew; when a family, whose riches were at least equal to Mr. Gab's, entered, and as the ladies were arrayed in such an elegant style, as to vie with, if not out-shine Mrs. Gab, they became immediate subjects of her discourse; there were unfortunately some anecdotes in this family, which exposed them to the censure of their friends; the wounds caused by the indiscretion of a female near relation, were not quite healed; and they were consequently proper objects for Mrs. Gab to display her talent of ridicule upon;—the father (what was a father's feelings to Mrs. Gab?) sat directly behind her; he *heard*, he *felt*, he *groaned* at her volubility; the ladies coloured, and at length unable to bear so mortifying a situation removed to a greater distance,—but the *amende* awaited them.

A young man approached Miss Gab, whose spick and span new cloaths, pretty
style

stile, and smirking manner entitled him, as he fancied, to dance with the greatest fortune in the room; a distinction I beg leave to recommend to every well dressed young man, who having his taylor's long bill to pay, is distressed for ways and means; because the dancing (particularly if like Mr. Peter Martin, he excels in that agreeable exercise) a whole evening with a young lady who has any vanity at all, must be of the utmost advantage to a pretty fellow who can press a soft, or indeed if it be a hard hand, it does not much signify, heave a sigh, and languish at proper periods; it is indeed, a matter of such extreme importance to those charming young men, who, but for such occasions, might pass their whole lives without a single opportunity of distressing an industrious parent, by bettering themselves in the way of marriage, or of wounding the feelings of a whole family by having the honour ascribed to them, of ruining an innocent female; it is on behalf of those dear creatures, I hint

at a manœuvre they would find of great advantage to them; which is, where there happens to be a mother, or aunt, or *chaperone* of any kind, who is not quite so young, or younger than their *daughters, nieces, or friends*, and are consequently impertinently scrupulous about the *proper* for the partners of their young women, that such may be excluded from a possibility of even entering a ball room.

I hope, Smarts, you will improve on this hint.—*No*, by no means, I could not suppose the dear thing in question to be, as to his taylor's bills, in the foregoing situation; they were all paid; but it was the opinion of his *papa*, his *guardians*, and *himself*, that to dance with a person of large fortune, was to put himself in the way of marrying one; *therefore* had he selected Miss Sophia Gab, *therefore* did he ask the honour of her hand for the evening, and *therefore* he was vastly disappointed when she modestly told him she was engaged.

“ Who

"Who is that perdigious smart beau?" said Mrs. Gab, carelessly, to a person who stood near her, and to whom he had bowed.

"He is a young attorney," replied he,—Mrs. Gab bridled; "what, somebody's clerk, I suppose; well, it is really astonishing to me, how people, who have any pretensions at all to the genteel thing, can let themselves down so much as to suffer their families to mix with such sort of low folks; it is happy for Miss Gab, that my connections are in a higher *spear*; I should expire to see my daughter dance with any but a *man of fashion*." The man of fashion she alluded to, was not quite so vain of his rank; he would have been glad to have sunk his dignity, and very well contented to be one of the present assembly, and waved every pretension to any thing above it. The eyes of all within hearing of the lady, now directed their attention to Henry, whose feelings ill accorded with the look of superiority

with which Mrs. Gab regarded their observations.

Presently a voice, too well known to be mistaken, exerted itself.—

“A man of fashion! why Billy,” bawled he, “is not that Mumps?”—

“Upon my honour I believe so, answered the youth who had solicited Miss Sophia to accept him for her partner.

Henry’s confusion, at this *denouement* was inexpressible, and greater, than from his motives, might be expected; he had in changing his name, nothing to reproach himself with, because it was not meant to injure any living creature; as to the man of fashion, that was a character put on him by others, and adopted by necessity, nor, had the discovery been made on any other occasion, would it have been of the consequence it was now; but Mrs. Gab’s vain glorious boast of the fashion and quality of her escort, shewed the matter in a light which could not fail of exciting ridicule, contempt, and indignation. True, he had been but
a passive

a passive instrument of another's folly, nevertheless, the shame of detection was his, and for a moment unmanned him: the confusion, visible in his countenance, gave his enemies courage, while it wholly dismayed his friends. In the promiscuous crowds, which are always to be met with at a public city assembly, it is hardly possible for the most respectable, and opulent part of the British empire, to escape the inconvenience of being crowded with people who have not the least pretensions to such society. Mr. Holcomb had been presented with a couple of tickets by a West India merchant, and he had favoured Mr. Puffardo with one, who, proud of every opportunity of exhibiting himself, and supposing his own consequence increased, by his being seen among his betters, gladly accepted it, and had now the full gratification of revenge, and the happy means of rendering himself conspicuous by the same cause.

"Your servant Mr. Dellmore," cried he, advancing.

G 5

"Dellmore,"

"Dellmore!" answered Mrs. Gab, "the man's mad; the gentleman's name is Conway."

"It may be so," replied Puffardo, "but when I kept him on charity, he went by the name of Dellmore; though to be sure nobody can blame him for changing it, for he had no more right to it than I had."

"Charity!" cried the citizen who had found himself much distressed by Mrs. Gab's history of his family misfortunes, and as much incommoded by her *Man of Fashion*, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! a man of fashion, kept on charity! Why Mrs. Gab, how's this?" then turning to the school-master (who, with the echo Holcomb at his side, not only gave, in his own way, the history of our hero's youth, but the circumstances in which he had lately met him) asked if he were clear as to the man.

Henry, in the mean time, had recollected himself; and though the sentiments

of any one present was of no importance to him, yet the something implanted in our nature, that shrinks from general censure, would have dictated to him a vindication of himself, from the slanderous, and in many parts, untrue history of him then giving, had his attention not been called off from himself, and his own affairs, by the situation of the lady he was with. Mrs. Gab, astonished as she was at the positive assertions of Puffardo, would have treated his intelligence with haughty contempt, as she protested Mr. Conway's every act was so much that of a person of quality, she should know him for such in the most obscure disguise, had not the young man, as well by his confusion as words, confirmed the fact alledged against him. The ridiculous light in which she was conscious she must now appear, was aggravated by an observation from the piqued citizen before mentioned;—"that he wondered how a lady of Mrs. Gab's knowledge of the world, and acquaint-

ance with polite life, could be so taken in;—now, to be sure as all the fat was in the fire, Miss could not dance at all, as he did not believe there was another man of fashion in the whole assembly.”

The shrewd look, and allusion to the fat, joined to her own mortifying reflections, actually overcame her; she fainted away, at the instant Henry was advancing to Puffardo, who disliking the particular cast of his eye, retreated to the other end of the room.

Sophia, shocked at being the object of such public observation, and terrified at the situation of her mother, intreated him to assist in conveying her out of that room, into a private one; he obeyed the amiable girl, and Mrs. Gab very soon revived to a sense of humbled pride, that sat very ill on her features; she at length recovered—the first object the distracted matron saw, being the one who had most offended her, she insisted on his leaving the place, and on no account to presume

to follow her, or attempt entering her doors ; as the moment she saw Mr. Gab she would not only acquaint him with the imposition put on him, but insist on his punishing such an impostor, with the utmost severity of the law.

Few of her fellow-citizens esteemed Mrs. Gab ; a still less number loved her ; but the present occasion was nevertheless interesting to every lady there ; they now came in crowds to enquire how she found herself ; but their pity and their consolations were too well understood to be at all acceptable ; and Henry, though conscious of the little part he had wilfully borne in her drama, could not stand the inuendos and observations of so large an assembly ; he, therefore, very prudently withdrew, leaving the lady to face her numerous *friends*, or foes, which the reader pleases. He was, it is true, forbid to return to Dowgate-hill, but as *there* only it was probable he might see Mr. Gab, in order to apprize him of the unfortunate
discovery,

discovery, as well as to explain away any doubts that gentleman might entertain from the circumstance of his having changed his name, he now resolved, notwithstanding the prohibition of Mrs. Gab, to go there ; and he found so far he had judged right, for Mr. Gab had arrived only one minute before him.

The brow of distrust, of jealousy, and uneasiness, yet clouded that gentleman's features ; he had, it is true, forgotten, in the arms of the syren, all that had disturbed his tranquillity in the morning's adventure, and had continued with her from the time our hero left him to the present moment ; but when the animated, youthful, and engaging countenance of Henry met his eye, a thousand fearful suspicions arose in his mind ; ill was he disposed to enter into the merits of his cause, as a friend, and still less could he venture totally to discard him, lest Lavinia, who from his folly had it fully in her power, should likewise adopt the inclination to support him ;—the West India voyage
was,

was, in the idea of both, the only method of making all things easy. It was accordingly settled, that Henry should take his passage in the first ship that failed; and Mr. Gab advised him to remove from Dowgate-hill, without coming to any further explanation with Mrs. Gab, to whom he would make a merit of discarding the object of her dislike. He recommended it to him to retire then to rest, and be off in the morning before the family was stirring. He had scarce left the room, when a thundering rap announced the fair, or rather red mistress of the mansion; her tears and sobs were heard distinctly, from the street-door to the drawing-room, and prepared her husband for the storm before she entered; Sophia too, from reflections very remote from those which operated on the feelings of her mother, was likewise in tears; and the countenances of both ladies gave omens of inward perturbation.

“ Oh! Mr. Gab,” cried his spouse,
 “ What have you done?—you have made
 me

me the laughing-stock of the city assembly.—How could you have the cruelty for to go for to *interdoose* that *fellow* to me? Oh! to think how I have been and exposed myself, you base man you; when you so well know I keep none but the very best company; and here you go and spend your time, God knows where, yourself; and for to go for to leave your own wife and child to the company of a sharper.—Oh! Mr. Gab, shame on you!”

The husband, conscious that his motives for consigning to a stranger the females of his family, would not bear enquiring into, affected to be very angry, and much surprized, at what had happened; he protested he had been himself deceived, that *he* was imposed on, but that he would certainly punish the fictitious Mr. Conway, if money could do it.

Mrs. Gab was in some degree appeased by this promise, but poor Sophia's tears did not cease flowing; the anguish in her countenance now filled her father, who

truly

truly loved her, with jealousy of another kind ; he feared Henry had not lost the many opportunities the mutual folly of both himself and wife had given him with Sophia ; and the compunction this idea inspired, almost banished Lavinia from his mind. A stranger to delicacy, and totally ignorant of the soft and imperceptible gradation to the confidence it inspires, he, in a passion, demanded the reason of his daughter's uneasiness ; adding, with a bitter imprecation, " if he found the villain had presumed but to think on her, he would put him to death."

This hint called forth fresh reproaches from his lady ; but the gentle girl exculpated him from every accusation, with respect to her, and her solemn asseverations, that he had never attempted to inspire her with one partial thought of himself, quieted the apprehensions of her parents ; this she could truly declare : but, alas ! if Henry Conway was an impostor, what must his friend Charles Montgomery be ?

thence

—thence sprung Sophia's grief, and thence the tears, that had so highly exasperated her father.

They soon retired—Mrs. Gab to vent her anger, and her daughter to indulge her tears.

CHAPTER XLII.

The News-paper Intelligence.

HENRY, in pursuance of Mr. Gab's advice, left Dowgate-hill long before the leaden god had relieved Mrs. Gab from the disagreeable impressions the ball adventure had left on her mind. Morpheus, it is true, had visited her pillow, the moment her head, disincumbered from its daily load of hair, pomatum, pink powder, and black pins, was laid on it; but Morpheus, though a god, could not banish the *Man of Fashion* from her tortured

tured imagination ; and the sarcasm of her neighbour about the *fat*, rung in her ears, when all her other senses were in a state of total forgetfulness.—It will be some time before the course of the history will return to this lady ; I could not, therefore, part with her, on civiler terms (as I have deprived her of her quality escort) than leaving her under the protection of a god.

Short as the time was, which our hero expected to pass in the metropolis, as he had his baggage to remove, and some pecuniary matters to settle, it was necessary he should take a lodging ; he was *yet* young, and *yet* inconsiderate, which is saying enough to convince our readers, that in seeking a dwelling he turned his face westward.

On Ludgate-hill he met, to his surprise, at it was so early an hour, stalking on his tip-toes, by way of preserving his clean white silk-stockings from a spot of dirt, with his best new scarlet coat, a

shining waistcoat, and hair dressed *en gout*,
Mr. Peter Martin.

Henry stopped, and enquired where he was going, at that time in the morning, so perfectly well dressed? He answered, that it was his day to attend the office,—that as it would be four o'clock before he could leave it, he should not then have time to dress, as he understood *that* was the dinner-hour on Dowgate-hill,—and as Mrs. Gab, who was the politest woman breathing, had given him a general invitation there, he meant to pay his devoirs to the ladies, and take his dinner with them that day;—that as one of *their* gentlemen was gone out on a party of pleasure, he had promised to do what *little* of *his* business there was *to do*; and therefore was going thither thus early, “but,” added he, “I shall see you at dinner.”

“You do well,” replied Henry, “to settle about dinner, before other people have broken their fast.”

“Gad so, that’s right, said Mr. Peter
Martin,

Martin, "neither have I breakfasted yet;—Shall we take a dish of coffee together?"

Henry assented, and they went to the London coffee-house, where, while Mr. Peter Martin was giving directions about the muffins and coffee, our hero amused himself with a cursory glance over the morning papers. After a very hearty breakfast, on the part of Martin, seeing his companion in a visible consternation, at a paragraph he was perusing in a new's-paper, he judged it (being, as he said, pressed for time, having exceeded by twenty minutes the hour in which he should have been at his friend's desk) unnecessary, or impolite, or whatever else the reader pleases, to interrupt him, and just giving him the *bonjour*, hurried off, without paying for his repast, an act he attributed to his very treacherous memory.

It must have been a matter of far more importance that could rouse our hero from the total absence of mind, into which the
paragraph

paragraph he was reading, although he now saw it not, had thrown him ; he had, with anguish, read in a morning paper, a piece of news that benumb'd his senses, and, in one of the hottest mornings in July, froze him with horror. It was exactly this:

“ Yesterday morning Sir James Restive set off on a matrimonial expedition to the North, with Miss Clara Elton, a beautiful young heiress to a good estate, and a large personal fortune.”

Over and over had he read the fatal paragraph, and over and over had his eye ran, without being able to read it at all ; the thing was past doubt ; there was but one Clara Elton ; *she* was married ; and, in the terrestrial globe there was not another partner for the soul of Henry Dellmore.

He continued an immoveable figure of despair many minutes after Martin left him,

“ Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe,

“ No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow.”

At length the paper dropped from his hands ; his sight failed ; all nature was as dark to him as his blasted hopes, and he would have fallen on the floor, had not a person, who had observed him from the next box, caught him in his arms ; awhile he continued in a state, however paradoxical it may appear, of *sensible insensibility* ; since, though he had not power to speak, or even move, he yet remembered he had lost Clara, and his recollection had almost suffocated him, when he was happily relieved by a flood of tears ; these he endeavoured to conceal, but did not succeed ; they would flow, and they would be seen ; he faintly thanked the stranger for his civility, and ran out of the coffee-house, really as forgetful of payment for the breakfast as Martin had pretended to be ; one of the waiters pursued him, and he was followed by the person whose benevolent spirit had impelled him to support our falling hero.

“ Where art thou going, friend ? ”
said

said he, as soon as he overtook the man.—

“To make the gentleman pay for the breakfast”—replied he.

“*Thou* canst not *feel*, and therefore dost not know the force of secret anguish; the heart of that poor youth is rent with sorrow; I would he had not, by his sudden absenting himself, defeated my purpose of giving comfort to his wounded mind; I will pay thy demand; *think* friend, in future, before thou disturbest a soul, rendered sacred by affliction.

In the distraction of his mind it was of small importance to Henry which way he went; straight forward, however, his feet involuntarily and with wonderful celerity carried him: he was passing Charing-cross with the same rapid inattention to the path he was pursuing, but was there stopped by the drawing out of a stage coach, the letters on the door of which informed him it was going to East Sheen.

This

This important intelligence roused him, and he was seated in the vehicle in the same minute that he understood where it was going.

And here, having no fellow traveller, he could indulge in bitter recollections that sunk him to despair.

“ Dear, lovely Clara, thou art now indeed vanished from hope ; — but,

“ Can thy dear image from my soul depart,

“ Long as the vital spirit moves my heart !

“ If, in the melancholy shades below,

“ The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow ;

“ Yet mine shall sacred last, *mine* undecay’d,

“ Burn on through death, and animate my shade.

The agony he felt in the idea of her being forever lost to him, severe as it was, did not equal the poignancy of those regrets, which filled his heart, for having suffered his own concerns in the first instance, and his idle engagements with Mrs. Gab in the second, to divert his mind from the dangerous situation in which he had left

her: he reproached himself for not having immediately acquainted Mr. Franklin of the perils with which she was environed, and from which that gentleman's interference could only rescue her: he dreaded, yet expected to find she had been as Puffardo said, a victim to the art of the woman, to whose interested views her unfortunate attachment rendered her so easy a prey: he had generosity enough to wish, since she had made any other choice than himself, that she might have given her hand to a person worthy of her affection; his was now

“The species of love whose excess prevents jealousy.”

His heart sunk with grief when he suffered himself to suppose that (all lovely, all attractive, and all divine as she appeared to him) the symmetry of her form, the beauty of her countenance, and the sweetness of her disposition, were perhaps the least temptation to the happy being who possessed her; and his imagination recoiled

recoiled from the possibility of finding that her fortune and estate, might be of more moment to Sir James Restive, than the charms, which in *his* opinion, would adorn a regal title. With these ideas, the natural result of what he had heard, what he suspected himself, and what, from the purity of his affection, he feared, his reflections on himself, for the inactivity of his friendship, recurred with double force, and he sunk into an agony of sorrow, which he had an opportunity of indulging for the first two miles, being without a fellow traveller, when they overtook a tall thin lady, who then entered the stage.

* Henry endeavoured to conceal the perturbation of ~~his~~ ^{her} mind, and, by an exertion of that politeness that was natural to him, soon so far ingratiated himself into the favour of the lady, as to be entrusted with her name and circumstances.

This communicative person, was already arrived at (nay, some think a dam-

fel of thirty, is past) the mature period of beauty; be that as it may, she was not yet arrived at that discretionary time of life, which knows the propriety of keeping her own secrets; she gave Henry to understand, that his civilities were not absolutely thrown away; for that her name was Perkins, and that she was head teacher at Mrs. Napper's boarding school;—a piece of information of very great importance to her companion, and her subsequent discourse was more so.

Miss Perkins led herself to the subject of the elopement; she asked our hero if he had heard of it? and without waiting for his answer to that question, proceeded to another; namely, whether he knew Sir James Restive? he is, continued she, “a very fine gentleman, perfectly polite, and well bred, Miss Elton's money could not be better laid out: then, he is the most generous creature breathing, always making the ladies at Mrs. Napper's presents, and in such a pretty manner; indeed she wondered

wondered Miss Elton could withstand him so long; but, poor young lady, she had been disappointed in her first love;—heigh ho!—it was a sad thing to be disappointed; and men were so deceitful, that young women could not be too much on their guard: Sir James, she was pretty confident, knew the state of Miss Elton's heart before he fell in love with her at Vauxhall; but, as Mrs. Napper knew what a shabby good-for-nothing fellow she had set her mind upon, why, she did all in her power to make up the match; and to be sure, good reason she had, for Sir James had been an unknown friend to the family of the Napper's ever since he first saw Miss Elton; poor dear, she was very loth at last to consent, notwithstanding all the persuasions of her friends, the assiduities of the gentleman, and the grand stile Sir James lived in"—A sudden jolt of the coach, by knocking the very head of the voluble Miss Perkins against our hero's, then stopped her harangue; and as she

complained much of the pain the accident gave her, he was afraid she had wholly dropped her admired Sir James and his bride: after giving her time to adjust her curls, he took courage to ask, just by way of renewing the subject,

“ If the gentleman’s fortune and connections were so entirely unobjectionable, what was the necessity for taking a step that, on the lady’s side at least, implied indiscretion ?”

“ Oh my head,” cried Miss Perkins, “ do you know, Sir, I am exceedingly subject to a disorder in my head and a kind of giddiness that”——“ I am much concerned, madam!—but pray did Miss Elton ?”——

“ Oh dear, sir, I beg you will make no sort of apology, for you know, sir, if I had not had the good fortune to run my head directly in your face, I must have fallen against the glass, and perhaps quite disfigured myself.”——

——“ And

—“ And that, Ma’am, would have been a general misfortune—Pray Ma’am, is Miss Elton handsome ?”—

“ Some people think her so; but for my part, I think her complexion is too fair; and (viewing her own face in a pocket-glass) I think a little rouge would be a vast addition, but Miss Napper never could prevail on her to wear any.”—

“ Good God,” cried Henry, “ how much of Miss Napper’s kindness has been thrown away on this young lady,—I suppose she was more successful in her arguments for the Scotch journey; I presume *that* was a matter she was easily prevailed on to consent to?—

“ Oh, not so easy, I assure you: to be sure (lowering her voice) I believe there was *a little* contrivance between Mrs. Napper and the Baronet.”—

“ As how, dear madam,” (lowering his voice also ?”)

—“ Don’t you know Sir James? but I

suppose you don't; well then, sir, though I would not have it mentioned as coming from me for the world—Sir James is as poor as a rat.”

“And so generous; so liberal in his presents?”—“Ah, Lord Sir! that's—but however, it is no business of mine,”—Henry was stretched on the rack.—

“Pray Ma'am proceed, I beg Ma'am; you are so agreeably entertaining.”—

“You are very polite, sir;—but I detest scandal; if I can say no good of a person, why, I can hold my tongue, that's my way, sir; though to be sure, as to Sir James Restive, why every body knows, so that it is no secret, his is a character better known than trusted; he has made a shift to spend a fortune about three times larger than he ever possessed of his own, and is still pretty comfortably in debt: Sir James, like many others, condescends to commence Patriot at the instant he is a beggar: but Miss Elton's
fortune

fortune they say is very large, and he has already advanced Mrs. Napper a good deal of money, and promised to settle her affairs entirely, when they return from the north: for my part, I wish he may with all my heart; poor woman, she owes me a year's salary, and I only wait to be paid; I don't much like to leave my property in such hands:—to be sure we were all in a violent fidget to' ther day, the match had like to have been broken off; that shabby fellow I was saying Miss Elton liked so; why dear me, as Mrs. Napper said, talk of being ruined, sure it is much more to a young lady's honour, put the worst to the worst, and let Sir James be ever so wild, to be ruined by a gentleman, than a poor low born wretch, as he certainly is, and lives entirely among bad women: but do you know, sir, we were like to have been all in the wrong several times; and I firmly believe, if Miss Elton had not met him herself with some of his associates, she would not have gone

at last; though, if she had not, poor Mrs. Napper and Sir James might have compared notes together in the King's Bench; but thank God they are gone; every thing conspired in favour of Sir James: the young lady's guardian was on the point of fetching her two months ago; he had long entreated her to leave Mrs. Napper, and his last letter was an absolute command; but, the very morning he intended to set out from Devonshire, he was seized with a fit of the gout; Cupid, as Sir James says, laid an embargo on old squaretoes;—to be sure Sir James has a vast deal of wit."

"Poor! poor Clara!" exclaimed Henry, with an involuntary burst of grief; "Dear, hapless Orphan, where slept the power that should have protected thy innocence, and rewarded the beneficence of thy spirit with felicity as inexhaustible as the softness of thy nature!"

Miss Perkins actually jumped to the other side of the coach; frightened at the sudden

sudden alteration in his looks, and terrified at the warmth of his manner, which spoke an interest in the subject of their discourse, very improper for the confidence her volubility had reposed; she asked him, trembling, if he knew Miss Elton?"—

Too much absorbed in grief, to attend to her, or her question.—

"What now," continued he, "avails this fruitless journey? Ingrate that I am! why was it not undertaken before, when the interference of friendship might have saved the most lovely of women from sure destruction? This, then, madam, was a plan concerted and carried into execution at a boarding school; a place dedicated to the sacred purpose of forming the minds and manners of young females. Oh that Clara Elton's fate was not the one destined to speak to the feelings of those thoughtless parents, who caught by mere outside show, by a speciousness of manners, and an affectation of wisdom,

where folly only dwells, consign the morals of their daughters, the honour of their posterity, into the care of women, who have not understanding properly to instruct, or prudence to guide in their own families; who, having prodigally parted with the credit of every thing desirable in their own characters, can so little enforce its value to younger minds!"

"Why, to be sure," answered the female, not a little pleased at an opportunity of setting forth the purity of her own principles, at the expence of her employer; poor Mrs. Napper, and indeed her daughter, are too little careful about saving appearances; but to tell you the truth, this marriage of Miss Elton's was the forlorn hope; the school has been dropping off a long while; they are a very imprudent family.—

"Imprudent," repeated Henry, "call them vile, wicked designers, and include yourself in the description, you, who could be a party in so infernal a plot:—"

"Open

“Open the door,” cried he to the coachman, “I will no longer breathe the same air with any part of so detestable a set; but remember, madam, and let Mrs. Napper likewise remember, there are laws—severe ones, against the stealing of an heiress; expect your confederacy will meet a reward;”—so saying, he jumped out, leaving a lesson of taciturnity with Mrs. Perkins she never forgot.

What he had heard from the teacher, respecting the plan concerted for the destruction of his love, though it planted daggers in his soul, fell short of the anguish it gave him to find, that the dear creature actually loved him: he had now nothing to learn by going to East Sheen, and therefore turned back, after bestowing a few hearty curses on the inhabitants:—in his rage against Mrs. Napper, and his contempt of Puffardo, I am afraid he had not the grace to separate the godly from the ungodly.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Friendship of the old and new School.

IT was a very hot day, and now near noon; he was walking on, covered with dust, broiling with heat, and lost in un-availing regrets, when a voice, in which gentleness and harmony were blended, reached his ear, from a plain brown chariot passing him on the road; a momentary shame clouded his features.

He now found it was the amiable Quaker, whose kindness he had so ungratefully forgotten: she desired he would get into the carriage, and invited him to dine with her, on his way to town.

To resist her entreaties was impossible, but the remembrance of her former goodness, *often, very often* filled him with confusion:

fusion: he endeavoured to frame an apology for his neglect, but invention was obstinate, he could think of nothing but Clara; her image filled his heart, and her loss cast an anguish on all his features.

“Hast thou a reason, young man, thou canst assign to me, for rejecting our offered friendship?” said the Quaker.

He owned he had not; one excuse, and only one, there was; but *that* he could not at present explain.

The fair Quaker forbore to reproach him, but after fixing on him her fine penetrating eyes; “I do not like,” said she, “the appearance of mystery in young people; what can a heart, unacquainted with guilt at thy age, have to conceal? If thou hast any distressing cause for secrecy, thou hast acted unwisely.—

“If thou art in indigent circumstances, thou knowest little of Daniel Burges, if thou hast doubted his will to serve those whom he esteemeth.—

“ If, in the hours of youthful gaiety, prudence hath deserted thee, if inadvertence hath misled thee, if inexperience hath blinded and involved thee in difficulties, which required the lenient hand of indulgence to extricate thee from ; why hast thou not sought the habitation of Daniel and Rebecca Burgeses ? ”

The soft accents of kindness and humanity that flowed from the mild lips of Mrs. Burgeses, were enforced by looks of sweet benevolence ; and, a swimming fluid that, as she gazed on Henry, filled her own eyes, deprived him of the power to answer her.

“ Thou canst not be ungrateful ; thou art unfortunate ; ” and the chrystal drops then distilling from her eyes, “ thou art a living image of a friend I loved in my early youth ; thy face, thy voice, thy manner : Ah, how like ! it was that striking resemblance, which opened my heart towards thee, and I have grieved incessantly at that forgetfulness of thy promise,
that

that deprived me of the pleasure of retracing features, long lost, but ever dear to my soul.—

“ Oh, where,” thought Henry, “ can I hope to find an object whose features will remind me of those so adored—I have for ever lost.”

Mrs. Burgess, after a few moments silence, resumed, “ my health will not suffer me to live in London, and my spirits are too weak to support me in much society ; there are few, very few things the world can now give, that have interest in my wishes ; to see thee often, and to know thou art not unworthy the kindness of Daniel and Rebecca Burgess, is now one of the very few things that would please me.”—Henry felt himself affected at this address, his heart was on his lips ; he could have revealed his whole history to the good Quaker ; but the concern of his soul was not at that time for himself.

“ Oh ! Madam,” said he with a deep sigh, and eyes which were averted, to conceal

ceal their soft overflowings, “ Clara, Clara Elton :” he stopped.—

“ Thou alarmest me ; what of Clara Elton, is she dead ?”—

“ Ah ! no, no, she is ruined,—married to a fortune hunter—forever bound to a being whose love is to her estate, who sees not, knows not, how infinitely richer she is in soul, than in wealth.”

“ Well,” answered Mrs. Burgess, “ I understand thee : poor youth ! why hast thou concealed thy love for this young woman, till it is too late for thy friends to be of any service to thee ? We wrote to our friend Franklin, and thought he had sent for his ward to him ; he assured us he would : whom has she married ?”

The name of Sir James Restive was enough ; the good Quaker sighed for the fate of the young orphan ; his was a very public character ; folly and dissipation marked all his actions : deeply involved in debts, contracted partly by extravagance of living, and partly by a weak
and

and obstinate adherence to party, and setting himself up for a country borough in opposition to ministry, at the end of the contest he had the mortification to find he had gotten to the bottom of his purse, and lost his election: necessity then pointed out to him a mode of existence which nothing can excuse in a man of honour, though poverty might perhaps a little palliate it in a man of the world; he supported himself by the credulity of people on whom he could impose; in plain English, he lived by his wits.

Mrs. Burges's deplored the unhappy fate of the poor Clara; nor, gentle as she was, could she wholly forbear some reflections on Mr. Franklin, for his neglecting to remove his ward out of so hazardous a situation, which, she said, might have been done, notwithstanding his gouty attack.

Mr. Burges's was that day gone to town; he had appropriated it to settling some accounts with Mr. Levissage: and, a thing that

that seldom indeed happened to him, he had set out very early from Clapham, and meant to dine *from* his Rebecca.

The conversation of our hero with Mrs. Burgefs was therefore uninterrupted; and it became more interesting, as her recollection still reminded her of the strong likeness he bore to the beloved friend she told him of in the chariot.—After a long pause, during which she had fixed her eyes on him, till they were furcharged with tears:—

“Are thy parents living?” said she, in a tremulous accent.

Henry was very much at a loss how to answer her;—if he said they were, the next natural question would be, “Who are they?” And if he told her they were dead, *that* would also lead to particulars he wished to avoid: there was no part in his own life he was so much ashamed of, as the fraud practised on a respectable family by his pretended mother; he blushed whenever she was mentioned; and her cruelty

cruelty, in so totally abandoning him, after she had gotten him into her power for he infamous a purpose, left on his mind a disgust, that had entirely eradicated all those emotions of tenderness which, at his first going into the world, had filled his heart with more regret for her loss, than indignation at her duplicity.

He therefore, slightly said, he had the misfortune to be deprived of both his parents, when he was not sensible of their loss; and that he had been brought up and educated by a relation. His answer threw Mrs. Burgefs into a fit of thoughtfulness, which brought on sickness and cold sweats, and these ended in a fainting fit.

Henry was dreadfully alarmed at her sudden indisposition, but he was in some measure pacified, by her maid's saying, she was very often seized in that manner. It was near seven o'clock before she was recovered enough to see him, when she confirmed her maid's account of the state
of

of her health ; and the carriage being ordered to town, to fetch Mr. Burgess, she begged he would make use of it to convey him home, and not again trust to accident for a renewal of their acquaintance.

Henry had engaged to meet Mr. Gab at eight o'clock, and he was yet unprovided with a lodging ; indeed, the adventures of the day had been so rapid in their succession, as well as extraordinary in their nature, that they appeared, on recollection, more like a vision than reality ; but the sad conviction, that Clara was lost, soon connected his scattered ideas, and he alighted from Mr. Burgess's chariot at Newington Butts, from whence he walked to his old lodgings at Charing-cross, where having engaged a bed, he then repaired to his appointment with Mr. Gab.

CHAPTER XLIV.

STILL gloomy, suspicious, and uneasy was Mr. Gab; the sight of his young rival was a basilisk that destroyed him: twice in the course of the day had that amorous personage journied from Dowgate-hill to Soho, in order to try, whether it was possible for him to be more unhappy, by detecting Henry and Lavinia in an interview together; and, though he did not find his fears confirmed, yet, the certainty that it was possible, and the idea that it was also probable, they would, in spite of all his vigilance, find opportunities to meet, he became every moment more insupportable; his mind was the seat of distrust, and the most rancorous jealousy; he was wretched at home, uneasy abroad, and totally incapable of giving

ing the usual attention to his extensive business.

While he was in this unenviable state, a message from an eminent agent, in whose concerns he was deeply interested, was delivered to him, requesting his immediate presence at his house, on an affair of great importance. He trembled at the idea of being off his watch, but could, by no means, avoid going to the agent's; nevertheless he took coach, and paid a third visit to Lavinia before he went to Crutched Friars. There, however, reluctant as he went, he was furnished with an opportunity of wholly getting rid of a man who was obnoxious to his peace.

Captain Manly was an officer of great worth and honour; he had distinguished himself in several actions with the enemies of his country; and his bravery could only be equalled by his generosity:—if to relieve the distressed, and to share his purse with his unfortunate brother officers,

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ficers, was not the *real* use to which a
 brave man should put his money, he was,
 he confessed, ignorant of any other; the
 consequence of this ridiculous way of
 thinking was, that when the war was
 ended, notwithstanding Captain Manly
 had taken many prizes, he returned to
 England crowned with laurels, but not
 quite out of his agent's books. While,
 therefore, many more *discreet* officers were
 retired to their snug boxes, enjoying the
 reward of their prudence as well as va-
 lour, *he* was obliged to solicit employment
 abroad, in time of profound peace; for
 though he had been favoured with the
 command of a guard-ship in one of the
 royal harbours, his spirit was too magni-
 ficent to be restrained by his power; he
 found, at the year's end, a considerable
 balance in his agent's accounts in that
 gentleman's favour; and a fleet being or-
 dered to the East Indies, he obtained the
 broad pendant, and was settling his ac-
 counts when Mr. Gab was announced.

The Captain's leave of absence was expired; he was going out of town the next morning, to join his ship; his business could not therefore be postponed, and Mr. Gab condescended to wait.

Captain Manly was not remarkable for his patience; he was heartily tired of looking over figures that told so much against him, and sincerely lamented the loss of a young man, who was lately dead, and had for many years been his public clerk, and private secretary, adding to his regret for his untimely fate, the small hopes he had of ever supplying his place so acceptably to himself; "for," said he, "he was not only the most faithful domestic, but the most agreeable and unassuming companion in the world."

"I believe, Sir," cried the provident Mr. Gab, half choaked with his own eagerness, "I can recommend you a young man, whose abilities and education will qualify him to answer every purpose you have described."

"But,"

“ But,” said the Captain, “ I sail the instant I get on board ; your friend must, if I approve him, have time to provide for so long a voyage.”

Mr. Gab had already surmounted every difficulty in his own mind ; he knew there wanted but one thing to compass every purpose in the metropolis, which he possessed in great abundance ; and what was money, in comparison of a kind glance of Lavinia ? He eagerly engaged for and promised every thing on behalf of Henry ; and the agent, being too well acquainted both with his judgment and power, to doubt but that the person he so warmly recommended was properly qualified for the place, seconded his wishes ; the Captain therefore gave him directions to his lodging in Suffolk-street, where he desired he would bring his friend, who, if he approved of, he promised to engage.

When Captain Manly took his leave, Mr. Gab could very slightly attend to the

business that carried him to the agent's; he was impatient to see Henry, and as doubtful of his acceptance of a place which he was himself conscious was beneath him. But notwithstanding his recent promises to provide for him in so different a manner, the sending him immediately out of the kingdom, to such a distant part of the globe, from whence it must be some months before even a letter could reach Lavinia from him, was a matter of that importance to his peace, that he secretly resolved to carry his point, at any risk, or expence, even though he should be obliged to give Henry a sum of money adequate to his disappointment in the West India affair.

East, west, north, or south, from the burning sands of uncultivated Africa to the freezing shores of the inhospitable Zealanders—seasons, climates, and people, were now all equally indifferent to our hero: the wish, so natural to young men, of rising in the world, the desire for independence,

dependance, no longer existed in his soul; Clara Elton, on whom every thought ultimately dwelt—whose image perpetually glided on his imagination—from whom his ideas were never wholly separated—whose gentle graces had first taught him to distinguish between the blandishments of a wanton and the delightful thrills of a virtuous passion—whose face was the index of seraphic excellence, whose voice, whose touch, melted him into rapture—was for ever lost. Hitherto his thoughts had, on every occasion, always reverted to her, as the source of future happiness; when his mind, elated with thoughtless mirth, and all apprehensions of future care lost in the present hilarity, was insensible to pain, even then there was more in view—Clara was a degree of pleasure too great for a mortal to think of with hope, but he *would think* of her nevertheless: when depressed by misfortune, poverty, and sorrow, Clara was his consolation; she was

his talisman against grief, and her sweetness and perfection could at any time fill his soul with a delight too exquisite to be overcome by the common occurrences of human life; and though he had never yet suffered himself to think seriously on any means whereby he might obtain the jewel that dazzled him with its lustre, the anguish he felt at her marriage was an incontestible proof of the consequence she was of to his peace.

Sick of the world, and all it now could afford, he was waiting the appearance of Mr. Gab, equally destitute of hope, and void of fear.

Othello himself could not be more frantically jealous than Mr. Gab, save that his Moorship chose to wreak it on his wife, and the citizen felt his ire excited only against his rival; he, however, disguised his sentiments, under an appearance of friendly solicitude for an object he would have rejoiced to know was no more; he had collected a long string
of

of excuses for the non-performance of his promise, and a variety of arguments to persuade a young man of first rate abilities that it was a most desirable thing to go to the East Indies, as captain's clerk of a man of war.

He had received such accounts from his Jamaica correspondents that rendered it unnecessary to send any person to manage his property there;—*they* had placed a person to superintend his affairs, whom he could not remove, without affronting them; and moreover, as it was one who was very conversant in the business, to remove him would be highly prejudicial to his own interest.

On the other hand, Captain Manly was a man of great interest; could handsomely provide for any person who had the good fortune to please him in his official capacity; and many and justifiable were the resources by which a secretary to the commander in chief might accumulate princely fortunes; as to its be-

ing peaceable times, that was nothing, it was always in the power of the company's servants to set the simple inhabitants of the east together by the ears, which they would certainly not fail to do as often as it concerned either their interest or caprice; and in that case, would a British commander not partake of the loaves and fishes! *No, no*, they knew better!

Mr. Gab, so earnest was he to carry his point, had committed these redoubtable reasons to writing, lest the smallest tittle should escape him; but he was most agreeably surprized, at receiving Henry's ready consent to go with Captain Manly, without so much as asking the reason why the West India plan was given up?

Mr. Gab could not conceal his satisfaction, though he took great pains so to do; it was unnecessary, Henry had *that* within him, which sufficiently engrossed his attention; but he did not forget to thank the citizen for his solicitude

to

to serve him, and immediately accompanied him to the Captain's lodgings.

Captain Manly was exceedingly pleased with our hero; but so far from coinciding with Mr. Gab in his opinion, that it was an eligible provision, he sincerely lamented he could not offer a young man of Henry's appearance and abilities something more worthy his acceptance, than the office of his clerk; which, however, he engaged to render as agreeable and advantageous as was in his power.

“Melancholy had marked him for her own;”

But Henry was not so entirely abstracted from the world, as not to distinguish, and feel the politeness and sympathy with which the gallant Captain addressed him: never indeed had that gentleman felt himself more interested than on his behalf; his indifference to his fate, it was easy to perceive, was not the effect of stupidity; his countenance was the exact herald of his thoughts—what those were the reader knows.

Captain Manly was as poor as his intended clerk, and as thoughtless too; he had the advantage in years, but his stock of wordly wisdom was rather less than Henry's; his credit was stretched to its utmost limits in fitting himself out in a proper stile for the voyage, and his ready money was barely sufficient to carry him on board his ship.

"I will advance," thought he, "this young man twenty guineas; he is certainly in distress,"—this was thought the first.

"But I have not half that sum for myself."—That was thought the second.

"I will save him his expences down, however," said thought the third;—and accordingly he very politely offered, and Henry gratefully accepted, a place in his post-chaise; an offer that was both honourable and convenient to him; and he promised to attend the Captain at eleven the next morning.

Our hero knew nothing of the necessities

faries fit for so long a voyage; he had a tolerable stock of linen, and some few changes of cloaths, all which were ready packed.

When Mr. Gab's private convenience rendered it proper Henry's appearance should be consistent with the character of a gentleman, he had liberally supplied him with means to support that character; but when *that* was no longer the case, the hatred inseparable from jealousy barred every avenue to kindness; he therefore parted with him, without hinting at pecuniary matters, although he had engaged to Captain Manly he would take on himself the care and expence of equipping him for the voyage.

Henry had no home to return to, no relations to take leave of, no friend to weep the parting adieu with; Clara Elton was now in the transports of nuptial enjoyment: she would soon return to England, hateful country! how he detested

it ! gloom and discontent filled his soul.

He returned to Charing-cross, and at his solitary supper took out his pocket-book to throw away useless papers, and there he found Janet Macdougall's letter, and the duplicate.

"Poor Janet!" said he, "I forgot thee too; I remember every thing too late: I will send to Captain Gab,—if he does not repay part of the money I have lent him, I shall not have enough to take thy little mistress out of pawn:"—a letter was instantly dispatched, to request the Captain would favour Mr. Conway with the loan of twenty pounds—the sum he had borrowed was fifty.

Captain Gab was not at home;—the message was repeated;—the Captain was still abroad. Early next morning Henry went himself to the Captain's lodgings, where he had the honour of seeing him and his signora at the window, and of being told by the servant, they were gone

to Bath: he flung from the door with contempt; the noble Mr. Gab's breach of promise serving to enforce, in his opinion, the absolute obligation on every man of honour to beware how he gives his word, but when once given, to keep it at all events.

"*I have promised Janet,*" said he, as he took the way to the pawn-broker's.——

"How much does this picture come to?"

The man looked earnestly at him:—

"Five pounds, Sir."

Henry had but three guineas and a little loose silver; he looked vexed, and sighed,—*"Poor Janet!"*

"If the picture is your's, Sir," said the man, "as I think, notwithstanding the alteration in your growth and features, it is"—

"Mine! no friend, it belongs to a poor woman, for whom I promised to redeem it; but I am exceedingly mortified to find
the

the sum exceeds my ability: and it may be never more in my power."

"The picture, Sir," said the man, shall not be sold, if it be seven years before I hear of the honest Irish woman, I could have sworn it had been your own, the boy's features are so amazingly like; will you walk up, and look at it?"—

Henry's curiosity was raised, and he followed the pawn-broker into his best room; where (imagine his astonishment) he saw a portrait of Mrs. Dellmore and himself, when about twelve years old, which he perfectly remembered sitting to the painter for: "Good God!" said he, starting back, "it is indeed my picture; how could that woman possibly be in possession of it?"

All the pawn-broker knew of the matter was, that the old Irish woman pledged it; and that he believed her very honest, and would preserve it for her, as he before said, seven years.

Dellmore's amazement increased, as he endeavoured to recollect every circumstance he had heard Janet repeat of her life: not once had she mentioned her having been in service; her two marriages, and peregrinations from Ireland to Scotland, and from thence to England, and her uncomfortable life with her husband, she had repeated with that prolixity, and tedious exactitude, natural to old people; but not a syllable had she mentioned of serving any lady: yet in her letter she called the picture her dear little mistress. But, interesting as was this matter, our hero had no time to lose in developing mysteries, he did not know where to find Janet, nor was he sure, if he did find her, she could acquaint him with what he was now most curious to know, which was who he really belonged to; and even that was of the less importance, as he thought it but too probable that he was the offspring of penury and vice; since poverty only could never have prevailed
on

on the most abject of God's creatures to give up their child for such base purposes; he paid the interest due on the picture, and then returned to his lodgings, from whence he joined his Captain, having sent his baggage to the stage; and with thirty-eight shillings in his pocket, no credit, and few cloaths, Henry Dellmore left London with Captain Manly, to begin a voyage to the East Indies.

In the course of their long journey to Plymouth, which they reached without any remarkable occurrence, both the captain and his clerk's good opinion of each other increased; the former indeed considered the latter as a valuable acquisition; and Henry found in Captain Manly's society a relief from that sadness of heart which oppressed him.

The Captain repaired immediately on board, but left Henry to wait the arrival of the stage, with his baggage, and orders, on a particular signal, to go on board at all events, even suppose it should
be

be before the stage arrived, which actually was the case, although his trunks were sent off to the ship before they left the Sound.

The Captain received him in a manner that insured the respect of those young gentlemen with whom it is customary for persons in his station to mess; but he had not been long introduced to them, before he found he had an embarrassment to get over, of which he had before no conception; which was, his inability to subscribe his quota towards the stock already laid in; and the further expences which would be incurred when the ship touched at the Madeiras.

A certain inborn pride, inherent to human nature, and more particularly predominant over the minds of young people of elevated ideas, rendered this a very distressing circumstance to our hero; he felt mortified at his poverty, and ashamed to confess it to a set of light-hearted young men, to whom care did not ap-
pear

pear to be known. While he was ruminating on his situation, and fervently wishing he had been apprized of the difficulties he had to encounter, before he accepted his present station, the squadron were all under weigh, and the wind being fair, they sailed at a great rate.

Henry had never before been on salt water, excepting only crossing the channel from Dover to Calais in his infancy; and the usual effect, on first sailing on the briny element, seized him with great violence; he retired to his cabin, and continued a week unable to leave it, during which time Captain Manly's servants constantly attended him; and his messmates were, notwithstanding he had not yet paid his share towards the mess, kindly solicitous to serve and oblige him.

As the sea sickness went off, the uneasiness of his mind increased; the open-hearted civilities of the young midshipmen were so many reproaches on him for obtruding himself on their society, without

without power to pay his way: the blood mounted into his cheeks at their approach, and his extreme distress of mind affected his health, so that he was unable to attend his duty for several days after the sickness had left him: to add further to his mortification, none of the cloaths he brought with him were suitable to his station; a few fine ruffled shirts, silk stockings, and three coats, with a pair of fatten breeches, and muslin and other gay waistcoats, were not fit for so long a voyage, nor for the appearance of a Captain's clerk.

These were matters that came to his knowledge too late; he sickened at his prospect, and his heart sunk in despair: not one friendly bosom was there in the whole world *for him*, nor among the myriads that inhabited the earth, was there one who felt the least solicitude for him; and if there were, if he could be restored to the fond parental cares—if he could be re-adopted by the man of benevolence
—if

—if prosperity and affluence were again to gild his days—the sadness of his soul, the despair with which it was filled the instant he was alone, and could without interruption meditate on his lost Clara, convinced him his peace was for ever ruined. Hopeless in mind, he became careless of his person; his fine eyes lost their lustre; the vermilion, that gave to his manly countenance the appearance of health and cheerfulness, was no more seen; and his fine hyacinthine locks were not only no more the ornaments of his face, but they were totally neglected; in vain were delicacies sent to him from the Captain's table, for they were returned untouched: the despair and anguish of his mind became conspicuous in his figure; and in a very short time the handsome, blooming, and elegant Henry Dellmore sunk into a spectre; a shadow only of what he had been now remained.

The surgeon of the ship reported him to the Captain as a young man whose
intellects

Intellects were disordered; and this opinion met the greater credit, as he had often wondered at such an accomplished person being reduced to accept a situation so much beneath his education and appearance: the doctor's report was, therefore, an elucidation of the mystery, very little to the credit of the person who had recommended him; but Captain Manly's idea of his insanity did not deprive Henry of his pity, on the contrary, he gave strict orders that every attention should be paid to his unhappy malady; and the notion of his insanity gaining ground from his profound melancholy, he was, by degrees, forsaken by the young Mids, who were too humane to sport with misery; and who all respected the wreck that sorrow had left of so amiable a man.

In this deplorable state, brooding over misfortunes he had no hope that time would relieve, and a voluntary exile from society, he continued a total inattention

to his person ; his beard had been a week unshaved, and he was sitting, with his eyes fixed on the ground, the slow tear rolling down his pale cheek, when one of the doctor's mates entered the cabin, with a medicine which had been ordered, and which Henry refused to swallow.

Mr. Williams was skilful and good tempered, he felt the sincerest compassion for our hero ; and, not quite so positive in his opinion as his principal, endeavoured to engage the wretched youth in conversation ; and so far succeeded, as to prevail on him to be shaved, to change his linen, and accept a book, which Henry promised to read ; but which he found, on visiting him the succeeding morning, he had not opened.

Mr. Williams again made every friendly effort to induce him to adopt some mode that would at least divert the passing moment ; and pointed out some beautiful passages in the book he had left with him. Henry's politeness had not wholly
deserted

deserted him; in compliance with Mr. Williams's persuasion, he looked over the parts he pointed to; and, in that interval, *the Mate* also took out of his pocket a book;—the subject of *his* study was one much more calculated to engage Henry's attention, in his then state of mind, than Hayley's Poems—it was "The Sorrows of Werter," and was then open at the short note, beginning with—

"I sometimes cannot comprehend how
"it is that she loves another, how she
"dares"—

And ending—

"Whilst I think only of her, know
"only her, and have nothing but her in
"the world."

It caught his eye, it pierced his heart;
"Do me the favour," said he eagerly,
"to lend me the book you are reading,
when you have gone through it."

"I have already read it through," answered he, looking at the same instant cautiously

tiously round the cabin, and adding,
 "Can you lend me a pistol?"

"Alas!" replied Henry, "I have no such thing; have you not observed I am unprovided with every thing suitable to my situation?"

Williams then thought he might venture to leave him the book.

Dangerous indulgence! poisonous sensibility! How many victims to sin and folly has that one publication produced? The mind, indeed, on whom it can have a baneful effect, must be enervated by passion, it must be lost to virtue; but such there are, and such, at this period, was our hero's.

He shut himself up with his new companion—in Werter's passion he read his own, and he even saw his Clara cutting bread and butter for a parcel of chubby-faced children. Whether he envied the German hero the boxes on the ear or not, he certainly considered Sir James Restive as the Albert of his tragedy; and bravely determined

determined on following the example the suicide set him.

“ I have a thousand reasons,” said the infatuated youth, “ to be weary of existence, which Werter had not :—a thousand excuses to carry with me, to the only father *I* ever knew, for coming unbidden into his presence ; for claiming from him, that protection this world will not afford me. —From my infancy I have been marked by sorrow and misfortune. Werter had a mother, *he* had friends ; fortune had not-denied *him* a home : he had lost his Charlotte ; and there also my anguish is superior to his ; he knew she was the betrothed wife of another, at the first *moment* he beheld her ; *my Clara* ;—*Ab ! my God ! I*——but Werter, thy voice reaches me from thy grave ; and, behold, I follow thee !—

It was by this time midnight ; and our hero ascended to the middle-deck, with as much silence and precaution as possible, and passed, without speaking, or being

spoken to, to the ship's side, from whence, with Werter in his bosom, he plunged into the sea.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE Chaplain of the ship was a moral man, and something of an astronomer. The night was remarkably clear, and the stars unusually brilliant; he was also, though a married man, a passionate lover, and he was indulging his favourite propensity of reading the planets, and ruminating on the virtues of an absent and beloved wife; at the same instant, the noise occasioned by our hero's plunge into the water, had nevertheless power to drive his wife and the stars, out of the head of a fond husband, and a devout astronomer:

astronomer:—had this gentleman taken half the time in consideration about saving the life of a fellow creature, that Henry had taken to resolve on his own destruction, my history would have finished at the end of the last chapter; and perhaps my readers may regret that it did not, and condemn the folly of a poor parson, whose young family's daily bread depended on his existence, for the imprudent risk of his own life, in behalf of a stranger, and one, who, for aught he then knew to the contrary, might be one of the most worthless among the crew of an eighty-gun ship of war; but as this was not the first silly act our chaplain had been guilty of, neither, I doubt, will it be found to be the last.

The sea carried our hero directly under the stern gallery, where the chaplain was, as I have said, in alt; he saw the perishing object, and being himself an expert swimmer, which it was evident the

wretch, who was at the mercy of the waves, was not, he instantly stripped off his coat, and fearlessly jumped into the sea, just in time to catch the sinking body by the hair of its head, and supported him till some men from the ship took them both up.

Captain Manly was alarmed at the danger of his Chaplain, who was his great favourite; and he was soon informed, it was the lunatic, who had acted so perfectly in character; he insisted on the former's going immediately to bed, and ordered the latter, who lay quite insensible, to the care of the doctor. Williams, as his principal was gone to rest, immediately attended; and, on stripping Henry, found next his heart a small locket with hair, and *The Sorrows of Werter*; the latter he unmercifully consigned to the waves, with a seaman's blessing on the author: he then proceeded to the usual remedies; and after two hours humane
and

and close attention, left our hero in a gentle perspiration in bed.

The next morning, at Captain Manly's breakfast, he mildly condemned his Chaplain, for risking a life of such importance to his family.

The Chaplain pleaded an irresistible impulse, and expressed a desire to see the supposed mad-man; scarce had he uttered this his wish, before a note was delivered to the captain, which he read to the chaplain; it was from the maniac; and contained as follows:

“ Sir,

After an act, which was rendered abortive by the humanity, (a poor word to express my idea of the motive, that impelled the minister of God to rush on such imminent danger, to preserve a wretched being from eternal perdition) —how, sir, shall I dare to appear before you, with such a weight of impious folly on my head; how deprecate your justly

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excited

excited indignation; or how gain your credit to my professions of penitence, and promise of amendment? Alas! Sir, I have no arguments to conquer the disgust my conduct must have raised; no apology to offer for the appearance of ingratitude for your kindness; no vouchers for the sincerity of my repentance:—I am simply an out-cast from fortune, the child of grief, disappointment and anguish;—yet I am convinced, life and health were not bestowed on me for the hateful purposes of indolence and suicide; I feel my indiscretions; condescend, sir, to believe them Juvenile ones, and suffer me immediately to enter on that office, and those duties, for which you engaged me.—I have the honour to be, &c.”

“I cannot perceive,” said the chaplain, “in that note, any traces of insanity.” The writer, however, answered the captain, is not at this time in apparent deficiency

deficiency of understanding;—tell Mr. Conway I shall be glad to see him.

Presently a figure entered, that much shocked Captain Manly; it evidently was the skeleton, but no more, of the fine young man he had brought from London.

The chaplain, all curiosity, turned half round, as he was drinking his tea.

Henry's languid looks were fixed on the captain: he had prepared a speech, but the power of utterance failed him, he stood irresolute, and agitated.

Mr. Manly, pitying his embarrassment, and shocked at his emaciated figure, broke silence, by introducing him to the chaplain.—

“Mr. Conway,” said he, “this was your preserver.”

Henry audibly sighed, and bursting into tears, bent his knee.

“Heavenly God!” cried the chaplain, kneeling also, and clasping the poor phantom in his arms, “can it be, and

am I then so blessed? may I indeed say, I have preserved the life of my friend, my benefactor? have I been so happy as to risk my own life, to preserve that of Mr. Dellmore?"

"Dellmore," cried the captain, "you are mistaken, Cadogan, his name is Conway."

"Ah! sir," replied the good man, "what ever may have been his reasons for changing his name, he is a witness of those grateful effusions of my soul, that swell it almost to bursting—the best of men! young as you see him, his virtues have long, long reached maturity: Oh! my beloved young friend! sure I am, I cannot be mistaken,—be he Dellmore, or be he Conway; the victim of sorrow, or the favourite of fortune; *my* preserver, the preserver of my Eliza, you most assuredly are,—have you forgotten Cadogan?"

"Oh! Cadogan," answered Henry, as soon as he could speak, "I am thankful to heaven that I live to say, the blessings
of

of existence are doubly endeared to my soul, by receiving them from you; but where is your wife? I see you here, you are no longer with her, and I tremble to enquire after the welfare of that dear woman and her children:—how do we meet in such circumstances?”—

“ I am rejoiced we meet at all,” said the chaplain;—“ Captain Manly, whatever name you have known this young man by, give me leave to present him to you, as having the best of human hearts.”

The honest joy, at this interview, of a man whom the captain knew to be void of all guile, and a credit to his profession, was a sufficient assurance of the integrity of Dellmore; yet his change of name did not tell in favour of his prudence, and he had great curiosity to know his motives for so doing; but propriety, and the manners of a complete gentleman, were the characteristics of Mr. Manly; he therefore cordially congratulated the friends on their unexpected happiness,

and invited our hero to partake of their repast; after which, he had the goodness to request they would retire to Mr. Cadogan's cabin, for their mutual information of those events that had brought them together.

"I have, on my own part, sir," said Cadogan, "no secrets; but the recital of what has passed, respecting myself, will not, as you condescended before, to command me to give it you, afford you any entertainment; otherwise, as I could pledge my credit on the goodness of Mr. Dellmore's heart, although I cannot venture so much on his discretion, I could wish you might hear from himself, a relation of those misfortunes, that could work him up to such a degree of frenzy.

Henry modestly begged indulgence to his follies, and declared he was not conscious of an act that would impeach the integrity of his character, one only excepted, which was well known to Mr. Cadogan; "but," continued he, "I am on the

the rack to know *your* affairs—I tremble for Mrs. Cadogan.”—

“Go to your cabin,” said the captain smiling, to Cadogan, “and when you have said all the old fashioned things your heart is full of, about that same non-pareil your wife; and Conway or Dellmore has made his confession; you shall then tell me all I ought to know.

Cadogan would have remonstrated; and Henry declared he had nothing he wished to conceal; but they were both good naturedly warned against mutiny, and obeyed the Captain’s orders.

The fullness of Cadogan’s joy, prevented him from directly gratifying Henry’s curiosity, about his own affairs, or answering his anxious enquiries after Mr. Franklin; but when his grateful transports were subsided, he informed Henry, that Captain Manly was the same brave commander with whom he had served in the West Indies, and of whose humanity and charity, he had made such honourable

mention in his history: that gentleman had continued an unwearied solicitor in his behalf; and, on his appointment to India, procured the Chaplain's warrant for him; which, together with some private commissions, he had the interest to procure for him, rendered the voyage at once lucrative and respectable; of which he sent him notice, with promise of an allowance from himself, for the support of Mrs. Cadogan and her family.

Ah! interrupted Henry, "How I feel for her! how was it possible you could part?"

The tear of recollection, the sigh of regret, prevented, for a moment, Mr. Cadogan's proceeding.—He resumed his story.—

"My increasing family were, it is true, happily provided for by Mr. Franklin; but the source of our comforts could not be always concealed; and my situation in the cure of Esher, under Doctor Orthodox became on that account insupportable

supportable; I am loth to say it, but his envy and avarice were united to destroy my peace; I foresaw that a removal would be unavoidable, but I considered every hint, of the grievances of my situation, as an encroachment on the generosity of Mr. Franklin; I therefore concealed my disquiet as long as I could, till at length, the insults my wife and self received from the rector, and through his means from some of the Esther family, and those under his influence in the village, determined me; and I was on the point of once more committing myself and family, to the caprice of fortune, when I received Captain Manly's letter.

"My dear Eliza was convinced; she submitted; I must not remember with what grief; Mr. Franklin was then going to Bath; but an event just then happened, which required the utmost exertion of reason and philosophy, to bear with his usual fortitude."

Henry

Henry sighed responsively; he could too truly guess what that event was:—after a silence, which served for mutual recollection, Mr. Cadogan called on Henry, for an exchange of confidence; “I have now accounted my dear Dellmore,” said he, “for this meeting on my side; will you not now gratify a curiosity which I confess is very strong? I am no stranger to your reasons for leaving Esther; but how is it, you have never written either to Mr. Franklin, or myself?”

Henry then recounted, without the smallest deviation from truth, every circumstance that had happened to him, since his leaving Esther; not disguising his attachment to Miss Elton, or sparing himself on account of Lavinia.

Captain Manly politely dispensed with Mr. Cadogan’s company to dinner, and Henry’s recital was not concluded till late in the evening; but curious as he was to hear all that had passed at Esther, he was obliged to defer it till next morning,

ing, as the chaplain thought it incumbent on him, to pay his evening respects to the captain.

He communicated the history of our hero to that gentleman, who was so pleased with his character, that he sent for him to supper, and insisted on his considering himself as perfectly at liberty, and with respect to him, a visitor only. They parted that night on the most social terms; and, as it was as much the wish of Henry, as it was that of Mr. Cadogan, to make him acquainted with the whole of their affairs, he invited our hero to take his place at the breakfast-table, next morning.

Henry's last night's adventure, had cured him of a desire to die, before it pleased his Creator to call him to his last account: but it had not dissipated the grief that occasioned it; the interview with Mr. Cadogan made him to condemn himself for his rash despairing assertion, that he was so singularly miserable, as to be totally
friendless;

friendless; but it had not made him to believe that Mr. Franklin had overtaken Clara before she reached Gretna-green; neither had he any reason to suppose, if that had been the case, that Mr. Franklin would have withheld his consent to their union.

He passed a sleepless anxious night, and at nine repaired to the great cabin.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Recapitulation.

THE chaplain's history of Henry's Esther friends, was now delivered in the presence of Captain Manly; he had many things to explain, of which our hero was totally ignorant; and in order to elucidate several matters of which he had no conception,

ception, he was obliged to retrace some of the events that had happened prior to his leaving Elsher.

I have before informed my reader, that Mr. Franklin's frequent excursions among the villagers, and his natural good humour, insured him a friendly reception wherever he appeared; and I have also hinted at his partiality for the landlady of the Bucks-head, where he took his egg and wine at eleven every forenoon except Sunday: Mrs. Hudson's loquacity increased with the importance that those visits gave her, which, if the constant countenance of so rich and good a character is considered, must be supposed to be great: she was the fountain of intelligence, and the dread of all those who wished to keep a secret in their families, a wish that was very seldom gratified in Elsher; for such was Mrs. Hudson's penetration, and such her industry, in developing mysteries, that her knowledge of facts often preceded the facts themselves:

of

of all the occurrences of the rectory, she was fully informed, and to the visits of the militia officers, and their consequences, she was no stranger; but although few women exceeded Mrs. Hudson, in loquacity, when her own interest was not at stake, she could be equally silent when it was; and I am now about to give an instance of her extreme penetration in a circumstance the reader may or may not have foreseen.

At the assembly, set on foot at her house, the observant dame had made some discoveries, not entirely consistent with virgin modesty, though perfectly in character with the honour of our modern sons of Mars;—but, as it was no business of hers, and as the Misses from the rectory absenting themselves, would hurt the assembly, though Mrs. Orthodox was her very particular friend, she did not chuse to meddle in family matters, by dropping a hint of such her discoveries.

Lieutenant Downe indeed was not quite
so

so tenacious, he had many confidants, to whom, in friendship, he revealed *his* triumph, and *Lavinia's* dishonour; and tho' the secret had never transpired at the rectory, or the manor, there were many in the village who imputed Lavinia's faded cheeks, to a very natural effect of a natural cause; and the landlady at the Bucks-head, having taken particular notice of the alteration in her looks, kept a reckoning for her: before Henry's return from Oxford, of this matter among others, she acquainted the squire, on the very day Mrs. Orthodox made her the *confidante* of his intentions in her favour.

Mr. Franklin's affection for our hero was truly paternal; the numerous issue left by his father were all, but the sister who lived with him, dead; excepting her, he knew not of a single relative: he was likewise very fond of Clara, and, fancying he saw a mutual attachment growing up between them, he formed a plan for their future happiness, by uniting them,
and

and making Henry the heir to his immense wealth; but, anxious to see them really happy, and that they might consider it as their own choice, rather than his, he kept in his own bosom his intentions, not revealing them even to his sister.

When, therefore, Henry professed his attachment to Lavinia, and proposed to marry her, his grief and surprise may be conceived to be great; more especially as Mrs. Hudson, who seldom erred in her judgment of such matters, had assured him, that the young lady was one whose modesty would never stand in the way of her preferment; and the native simplicity and goodness of heart, the open, unsuspecting, guileless disposition of our hero, convinced him it was easy for an artful woman to impose herself on him in any character she chose to assume.

Lavinia was never a great favourite with him, although he had been so liberal in his favours to her mother, when the
poor

poor woman was so anxious to give her *larning*; therefore Mrs. Hudson's last communication was the most acceptable he could have received; and he concluded, that the only way to cure Henry of light impressions, and to convince him of the impropriety of his conduct, was, first to make him smart for his indiscretions, and then reveal to him the falsehood of his mistress; he was confirmed in those resolutions by his observations on the behaviour of Henry and Clara, during her visit to the manor, as it was visible to any interested by-stander, how very partial they were to each other.

Mr. Cadogan was the 'squire's confidant and adviser in this affair, when Lavinia's pregnancy was not only announced, but acknowledged, and communicated to him by the curate; Mr. Franklin then thought proper, as I have related, to pay her a private visit, and to tax her with the infamous duplicity of her conduct: she at first persisted to lay her seduction
to

to our hero, but being told, that a particular account of the time would be kept, and that Dellmore would not be suffered to see her till after her delivery, and, finally, that as her father would undoubtedly in that case desert her, she would then be totally friendless, if an imposition on her part were proved; that on the reverse, if she would be ingenuous in her confession, he, Mr. Franklin, would be her protector; that he would be at the expence of her removal to a distance from Esher, from whence it would not be probable any intelligence could arrive that would injure her reputation, and support her, till she was again in a condition to return to the rectory.

At length, she confessed what was the real truth, that Lieutenant Downe was the author of her present shameful situation; and, that as he had, on pretence of indispensable business, left the village, as soon as she had reason to fear her indiscretion

cretion could not be concealed, she was in despair, when Henry's return gave her the opportunity of practicing on his easy disposition, by persuading him *he* had been her seducer.

Such dissimulation, such art, in so young a creature, could not fail of exciting abhorrence in a mind so ingenuous, so much above disguise, as Mr. Franklin's; he however concealed his disgust from her; and with the assistance of the curate, removed her as before related to her aunt's in Derbyshire, who dwelt in a little hut on Lord Belvoir's estate, where he saw her; and, as that nobleman, will hereafter appear in a more respectable light, than he did when we first introduced him to our readers at Lavinia's lodgings, we beg the chaplain's pardon for interrupting his story, by giving some anecdotes of a noble family.

CHAPTER XLVII.

In which the History rises.

THE Earl of Belvoir was a nobleman of distinguished rank and abilities, his antient family was honourable in point of rank, and famous for the valour and virtue of its several chiefs: the blood that now flowed in the veins of the Belvoir family owed its origin to regal dignity; both Lord and Lady Belvoir descended in a regular line, from one of the most valiant of the Hibernian Kings.

The Belvoir estate in Ireland, was originally very large, and upon an inter-marriage in the last century, a very respectable addition was made to it, by the acquisition of several estates in Derbyshire and Lincolnshire.

The

The present earl succeeded to the family honors and possessions, unincumbered with a single mortgage or legacy; his sister, Lady Margaret Macnamara, having her fortune settled on her, from her father's property in the funds.

The dowager Lady Belvoir, early saw, that with all the fine qualities of her son, he had a dissipated turn; and the extreme honour of his own principles, laid him open to every kind of fraud and imposition. In an excursion to England, where he was a member of the British senate, and where in public he was adored for his integrity, and respected for his abilities, he became the prey of sharpers, and the dupe of a celebrated courtesan, to whom he was so attached, that as gallantry was not at that time held in such respect as it has since been, and consequently a young nobleman could not presume to carry his ostensible mistress, under the eye of a virtuous matron, whose heart would be wounded by such an instance of depravity in her son; he chose rather to continue

in England, and establish his suite at his Derbyshire house, than part with the adorable Fanny.—The dowager remonstrated, and grieved at his conduct, but her letters did not convey maternal tears; they only spoke to the honour and dignity of her house; and what were those, to the sole possession of a gem, for which a nation envied him: the gem, however, had a roving quality in it; the wild of Derbyshire was not the place to confine its splendour in: and one fine moonlight night, it was attracted by a smart colonel, and wheeled off to the metropolis in a hired chaise and four.

The earl stormed, swore, and did every thing a young deserted lord *could*, and more than many *would* do, in such a situation, for he sent the baggage of the inconstant after her, one morning, and the next set off for Ireland, on a visit to his mother.

Lady Margaret, his elder sister, inherited a sufficient quantity of pride from her ancestors, but she was unhappily, not attentive

tive to those qualities that would attract personal esteem; her temper was sour, reserved, and contracted; her large independent fortune, made her so much her own mistress, and her disposition was so very different from that of her noble mother, that she also thought proper to establish her own house; and left Lady Belvoir, while her son was in England.

Sweetness, affability, and dignity, were blended in Lady Belvoir: having lost what had been the solace and comfort of her life, the endearments of a husband she adored, and the company of children she tenderly loved, "I have now," said she, "but little to take off my attention from those duties that will enable me to follow my dear lord, with the animating hope of a reunion, but my mind requires some social intercourse: Hortensia Montgomery, is a lovely, amiable girl; her father's fortune is extremely narrow; I will see, if kindness will not make a greater impression on her heart, than filial duty

has had power to do, on those of my own children.

When Lord Belvoir returned to Ireland, Hortensia Montgomery was the companion of his mother: the beauty of her person, which was not inferior to his admired Fanny, struck him with admiration the moment he saw her, but the captivating graces of her mind, forbade the libertine hope her charms inspired; and his heart was at once a slave to her beauty, and a convert to her virtue.

Lady Belvoir saw with pleasure the progress of a passion, which, she believed, would insure the future felicity of her son: she hoped, a laudable attachment to a sensible virtuous woman, would be a means of rendering him happy at home, and that the interest of an object so dear, would caution him, respecting his connections abroad. Miss Montgomery had no expectation from her family: her father, Lord Montgomery, was a nobleman whose estate was barely adequate

to the support of the mansion where he dwelt. Hortensia was his only daughter ; he had many sons, all of whom were differently provided for in the state, church, or army, except the eldest, who was doomed to the drudgery of supporting a large stock of family grandeur, with a very narrow income.

But, although Hortensia was destitute of the gifts of fortune, Lady Belvoir knew her intrinsic value; and, her son's estate being very large, she applauded the disinterestedness of that love which was centered on an object so deserving. At this period, Lady Margaret, having formed a friendship with the family of a Duke, where there was a daughter of her own age, proposed to her brother a match with her friend: she had the mortification of hearing, by the messenger who carried her proposal, that her sister, the future Countess, was already fixed on in the person of Miss Montgomery.

Lady Margaret, incensed at the little
L 3 regard

regard paid to her wishes, as well as at her brother's choice, of an indigent maid of quality, for the partner of his rank and fortune, immediately disclaimed all connection with her family; a matter, that then excited the mirth of her brother; but Lady Belvoir was very seriously displeased at a conduct, she called presumptuous and undutiful.

The marriage was celebrated with great magnificence; and the dowager Lady Belvoir had the felicity of leaving her son, when she died, one of the happiest of husbands to a virtuous woman, and father to two lovely boys: her death, which happened in the third year of the Earl's marriage, so affected the Countess, that he judged it expedient to remove her from a place, where every object renewed her grief, by bringing the kindness of her lost friend and parent to her memory.

They accordingly removed to London, where, destitute of a fond mother to admonish, and with very little prudence to guide

guide him, the Earl renewed his acquaintance with those sharpers of quality, who had before made their advantage of his simplicity; and, again meeting the enchanting Fanny, took her under his private protection.

Lady Belvoir was then far advanced in her third pregnancy, and she had been promised by her husband, that she should return to Belvoir, in time for her *acouchement*; but that promise was made in the delightful gardens at Belvoir, and it was forgotten in the environs of St. James's.

The Earl was yet very young, and the company he kept, by no means rigid in their notions of morality:—for a nobleman to play deep, live, not magnificently, *as* all his ancestors had done, but profusely, keep a mistress, and neglect his wife, were matters that fifty years before did not raise wonder, although, perhaps, they did not, as in these liberal times, meet applause.

Lady Belvoir was a terrestrial angel, she adored her lord, and gratitude for his generous conduct towards her, united with

her love for him, rendered him, in her opinion, too perfect for error. She sighed to return to the sweet banks of Killarney, but the Earl preferred the Mall in St. James's Park. The court at the castle, was, perhaps, not so numerous, or so brilliant, but it was *home*, and she fancied the balls and entertainments there, had more princely elegance in them, than the unmeaning *routine*, of going up a pair of stairs, to receive a mere how d'ye. In short, she pined for her native country; but, esteeming it her indispensable duty to make *that place*, where her lord chose to reside, her delightful home, she grew more satisfied; and, by degrees, became naturalized to the country which was more agreeable to him than his own.

The union of marriage once broken, without the least repugnance, another charmer supplanted Fanny, and a fresh face soon rivalled her; one excess is sure to succeed another; so true it is, that
 “ it is much easier to suppress a first desire,
 fire,

fire, than to satisfy those that follow ;” and Lord Belvoir, who had, as his mother fondly hoped, seen the errors of his youth, and abandoned them, became more callous in his relapse, by a series of imprudence and dissipation; the natural consequence of which was, that the Earl was gradually diminishing his fortune, as his family was increasing. Four fine young men, and two daughters, were approaching that period in their lives when prudent fathers begin to think of providing for their children, before *he* had given up his pretensions to the character of a young buck of the first head. He resolved, it is true, to retrench, and look into his affairs, but his resolutions were constantly deferred by one important engagement or other, till all his ready money was expended, and mortgages had been granted on the greatest part of his estate. Lord Crespigny, his eldest son, was at this period entering his twenty-second year, and deprived, by his father’s extravagance, of the liberty of choosing for him-

self, was then married to the heiress of a rich bishop, whose wish it was to make his daughter a wit, and to see her a Countess. The first part, he thought a liberal education would attain, and, he had too just an opinion of the value of riches, to doubt, but his iron chests contained what would ensure the last.

Lady Crespigney's history the reader is acquainted with, as well as with some memoirs of her husband and son.

The honourable James Macnamara, second son to Lord Belvoir, was bred to the church; and, as the paternal estate had many great advowsons in its gift, and the family had interest to procure dispensations, he rose to be a prelate, with every requisite to render that dignity respectable, except humility, which was beneath the consideration of a prelate of quality.

Augustus Macnamara, the third son, was a soldier; he had been so unfortunate as to succeed in an affair of gallantry with a young damsel, on whom his elder brother,

ther, then a collegian, had also cast the eyes of affection, which caused such rancour on the part of the son of the church, that the Earl, in order to separate two very fiery spirits, sent the soldier abroad, where he was killed. The youngest son died an invalid, having unfortunately contracted a lameness, while in the hands of his nurse, which never could be cured.

Lady Belvoir, who was, as I have said, a most amiable and worthy character, from being the first toast in her youth, was an example of wisdom and prudence in age; her dislike of her daughter-in-law, was the first thing that drew from the Earl a confession of his reduced circumstances; and the death of Lord Crespigney, and her third son, which happened nearly about the same time, confirmed her in the adoption of a plan, which Lord Belvoir did not oppose, of retiring, with her daughters and grand-daughter, to Derbyshire, in order to lessen those expences which their fortune could no longer support, the young ladies

choosing rather to be buried in retirement, than to live in the world, deprived of those appendages to grandeur, to which their birth and rank entitled them, and to which they had hitherto been used, but which their circumstances could no longer afford.

Lady Selina and Lady Emily Macnamara were both handsome, but their sentiments were formed by their mother, and the idea of considering their natural charms as a snare for a rich husband, vapoured away in disdain.

The Earl of Belvoir had passionately loved, he yet esteemed, and respected his lady; but though she had been a perfect beauty, he had in her days of youth and bloom been inconstant; his mistresses were then innumerable; time and extravagance had confined his powers; he could not now afford to support a first-rate courtesan, but though he had never been at the trouble of seduction, a mistress was still an appendage of his rank, he could

as well cease to exist as give up ; and, a misfortune, very common to elderly gentlemen, particularly attended his choice ; the older he grew the younger were his mistresses ; and he still frequented, with insatiable pleasure, the scenes where he had in his former days delighted to shine.

The ladies lived wholly in Derbyshire ; but it was only in summer that he accompanied them, his lordship still resided during the winter season in St. James's-square.

Accidentally he passed the hut where Lavinia's aunt resided, just as she was recovering from her lying-in ; her beauty was a temptation he could not resist, and secrecy was beneath a man of his rank. If gallantry were a vice, he considered it as sanctified by his dignity ; when, therefore, he chose a sultana, he always did it publicly ; and not having once in his life been troubled with a hint of his infidelity from the countess, he had long ceased to expect it.

Lady Belvoir was a woman so truly re-

spectable in her character, and mixed so justly the dignity of the woman of fashion with the undeviating tenderness of the most affectionate wife, that no tatler had hitherto temerity enough to wound her peace, by tales they knew would only be rewarded by *her* displeasure, and the *Earl's* resentment; so that her ladyship remained in happy ignorance of her lord's constant infidelities, nor had the least suspicion that his summer excursions had supplied him with a new favourite, who was to follow him to London.

The Miss Macnamara's were better informed; they knew, and felt the folly of their father, and the conviction, that while their bloom was wasting in a remote solitude, the same vices, which had reduced them to that necessity, were still supplied out of the little that remained of the splendid fortunes to which they had a natural right; their conviction, I say, that the money, which would have rendered the Countess happy in seeing it bestowed on her children, was on the contrary lavished
on

on young women, who could not be connected with him but on the most mercenary terms, greatly lessened their affection and respect for their father; but their care and duty to their mother were, in proportion to the excellence of *that* example, and *those* instructions she had always given them.

They were, indeed, extraordinary characters, being, at the time their father fell in love with Lavinia, spinsters of forty, sensible, good-natured, and candid, readier to censure their own actions than those of their neighbours, and in perfect charity with allmankind.

They were proficient in music and drawing, and contrived to fill a long summer's day, or winter's evening, by an agreeable variation of female amusements, in which both their bodily and mental faculties were employed, without a murmur at the tediousness of time. They were great readers, and accessible to misery at all times, let their engagements be ever so important.

important. This history of a family, with whom it does not appear our hero can be in any degree connected, will, I fear, appear tedious to my readers; but as I shall have occasion again to introduce them, and as Henry is at present in rather an inactive state, I hope the digression will be forgiven.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A Descent from Nobility.

MISS Franklyn's attachment to Henry defeated every plan concerted between Mr. Cadogan and the Squire for his advantage, by sending him from Esher in search of adventures: but notwithstanding the object that caused such commotions in the bosom of wisdom was removed, and although Dr.

Orthodox

Orthodox was still a regular and constant visitor, and the history was resumed, not all these considerations, aided by the classics, could fill the vacuum which love had left in her mind.

The sly urchin only proved the fallacy of human wisdom in a female breast, when opposed to the more potent effects of passion; Dr. Orthodox was too far advanced in life, to accompany his consolation with much energy, and his own conduct was a very poor support to the arguments he so vainly used; neither history, ancient or modern, nor the sublimity of the Greek, the beauty of the Latin, or the softness of English poetry, could now reconcile Miss Franklyn to her closet amusement; it was in vain her learned tutor expatiated on the excellence of her history, of the noise it would make in the world, the envy it would create, and the fame it would ensure.

Those were not the gratifications our woman of letters sought after; dissatisfied with

with herself, and every thing about her, her long acquired philosophy had only power to point out the ill, without suggesting a remedy. Disorders, to which she had hitherto fancied herself superior, now found their way into her constitution; she had often ridiculed the complaint of vapors, and weak nerves: If they were the real infirmities of human nature, would she exultingly cry, how were the antients preserved from them? We hear of no such disorder in the Horatii or Curiatii, or during the long Trojan war, are we told of a single being, male or female, who was afflicted with them. No; she would add, it was when Roman virtue expired, when learning and bravery were on the wane, that the soul, having sunk into a degenerate languor, found out its own littleness, and fancied its guilty supineness was the effect of natural disorders: then, added she, came weak nerves, hypochondria, and all the train of horrors with which little minds are affected.

Whether

Whether those were the causes with Miss Franklin, or not, I will not say, but the effects were tiresome and vexatious to every creature at the manor; and her wisdom was making rapid strides to the gulf of folly.

Peevish and discontented herself, she could not bear any other person should wear the brow of tranquillity; and Mrs. Marsh, at her return from her matrimonial expedition, found her father's natural ill-humor constantly kept up by his friend at the manor, who would not allow an inch for female frailty in others; the latitude she required herself had no effect on the severity of her sentiments towards the daughter of her friend; he continued inexorable as to pardon, and as to portion, his choler rose at the mention of it: the old story was repeated, with additional acrimony;—he was infirm, and should live to want all the little he had been able to save himself; let the disobedient wretch work or starve for him; he forbid his wife to name her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Orthodox, rendered more conformable than ever to his will, by a dread of his finding out the debts she had contracted, and her anxiety about the possibility of paying them, echoed his sentiments; and, as Captain Marsh was too much of an officer to care sixpence for his lady, the poor girl would have found herself miserably situated, but for the private goodness of Mr. Franklin. Marsh had a plausible manner, which, when he pleased to exert himself, might impose on a more penetrating man than Mr. Franklin, who, in order to open a way for a family reconciliation, often invited him to dine; he soon became a kind of favorite at the manor, and perceiving Miss Franklin's weak side, gratefully took every opportunity of inveighing against our hero, and indeed hinted, that as the means by which he was enabled to carry off Miss Orthodox to Scotland were well known, that Henry had also been the adviser of that step, and there not being any one present, who
could

could contradict that assertion, the odium of the elopement was good-naturedly attributed to the absent fugitive.

Mr. Orthodox must either often meet Captain Marsh, or give up a good dinner; he would have wished to avoid the former, but when its inconveniences were put in competition with the enjoyments of the latter, what was Captain Marsh to him—true, he had married his daughter, without his consent; but neither for that daughter, nor her dearest concerns, would he have given up a good dinner.

Habit reconciles every thing, and Doctor Orthodox finding the insurmountable hatred he bore our hero constantly gratified in the continual scarasms thrown out against him by the noble captain, as well as seeing Miss Franklin's features began to be re-illumined at his appearance with something like a smile, the *partie quarrée* was pretty sociable.

In the mean while, Mrs. Orthodox heard with secret anguish from her sister
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the ill conduct of Lavinia ; all her hopes of her favourite's good fortune by marriage, being destroyed by her own imprudence, she became, notwithstanding her husband's prohibition, more affectionate to Mrs. Marsh, and while the above party were solacing at the manor, she entertained her truant child at home.

Care and disappointment are excellent tutors ; no mind so rude and uncultivated, but bends to their precepts, none so well informed, but finds benefit from their unwelcome convictions : Mrs. Orthodox and her daughter found infinite advantages from the consequence of their folly ; and having experienced the misery attendant on one mode of conduct, they, with the assistance of Mrs. Cadogan, earnestly set about adopting the other ; in short, what evil communication had effected, the force of good example, and mild precepts, in a little time destroyed : Mrs. Orthodox entirely dropped all her junketting parties, and though she still continued the habit
of

of echoing her husband's sentiments to his face, she was entirely reconciled to her married daughter, and contented herself with her society, and that of Mrs. Cadogan, when he was absent.

Things were in this situation in the two families, when Mr. Downe having accidentally seen Lavinia in public, and learnt from her situation, that a return to Elther would not be attended with the consequences most disagreeable to him, namely, that of being urged to repair the injury he had done an innocent female, arrived in high health and spirits at the house of his father.

Old Downe loved money beyond all things but himself;—then came Mrs. Betty, and then his son; if he could serve the latter, without parting with his money, it was well, if not, he might go unserved.

Miss Franklin's folly had not the advantage of entire concealment; Mrs. Hudson, the indefatigable Mrs. Hudson, had found it out, and as Matt was her favourite,

avourite, and Henry his, her abhorrence of the folly of that lady was too great to be concealed; she inveighed against her to every creature but the 'squire; and his sister was the object of her ridicule, in all companies but *his*.

Now, said old Downe, if Miss Franklin can like one handsome young fellow well enough to play the fool with, why not another.

“Jack,” cried he, “how do you live?”

It was a matter he did not before suffer to disturb his quiet; it surprized Jack,—what, thought he, has the old fellow found his bowels at last!

Jack put on a dismal face;—“why faith, sir,” said he, “I find it very hard, money is so scarce, creditors so impertinent, and my income, *as you know*, so small.”

“Lookee, Jack,” interrupted the father “if I put you in a way to get at least ten thousand pounds, will you give me poundage?”

Oh, I thought it could not be, said Jack

to himself!—to his father he was full of gratitude, and abounded in promises.

Old Downe then repeated all he had heard from Mrs. Hudson's communication, which was about ten times as much as was true, and concluded his tale, with injunctions on his son, to fall desperately in love with the learned lady at the manor; "your uncle Gregory," continued he, "attends her; she is sick of the megrims, you must have him in your interest; I must not be seen in the affair, the old squire would soon smoke me; let him prescribe a young fellow, and do you offer conubial medicines in the nick, and it may be the making of us."

"Us," thought Jack,—“Hum!—the thing has a face, and the old Tabby will certainly be heiress to the squire; but if I have not profited by your example, and learnt to keep an eye on my own interest, I ought to be hanged.”

Doctor Gregory was consulted; Miss

Franklin's vapours continuing, he was called in very frequently. Doctor Gregory was a man of sixty years standing in the world, he was a prodigious favourite with all his female patients; his visits were doubly acceptable from the news he always mingled with his enquiries, and those particularly flattering from the compliments with which they were interlarded, as thus :

“ I hope, Madam, I have the pleasure of seeing you much recovered to-day; if I may take it on the evidence of your eyes, the draught operated to my wish, they are amazingly brilliant, though really one must not depend too much on those kind of things; for would you believe it,—give me leave, Madam, to feel your pulse, *low, still low*, wants a *fillup*, must think of something,—and, Ma'am, as I was saying, Mrs. Whiffle with her bright eyes, is actually seized with a vertigo.”

Miss Franklin had not indeed been open to that kind of flattery; she cared as little about

about the beauty of other females, as she did about her own before her attack on Henry: the penetrating Doctor, however, was at no loss; whenever he had been heretofore called to any of the family, he knew how to mingle his humble admiration of her learning and wisdom; with the common salutations of good-breeding and politeness, he would ask, with great apparent solicitude, when the world was to be favoured and instructed by the produce of her elegant pen? and lamenting there was so little attention paid in general to the education of the females of the present age, more especially as, in his humble opinion, there was a vivacity, an alertness in their capacities, men could not boast, he rejoiced that he could congratulate himself and the world on her abilities and acquisitions; the Doctor had likewise heard, since Miss Franklin had become his patient, to what cause it was that he was favoured with her commands; it required little art to see that

Miss Franklin's disorders were of the mental kind, and that inward discontent occasioned outward complaints; he had therefore lately put more of the woman into his compliments, and embraced with no little eagerness the proposals of his nephew, first, however, stipulating, as the father had done, for a share in the fleece.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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E R R A T A.

P. 131, l. 1. for *was* read *avers*.

165, l. 3. for *be* read *so*.